

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

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THE REFLECTOR.

GOSPEL WORSHIP.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

How glorious, O God! must thy temple have been,
On the day of its first dedication,
When the Cherubim's wings widely waving were seen
On high, o'er the ark's holy station;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skill'd
To minister, standing before thee,
Retir'd from the cloud which the temple then fill'd,
And thy glory made Israel adore thee.

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then,
Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,
Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual forever repeal'd?
But by Him unto whom it was given
To enter the Oracle, where is reveal'd,
Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven.

Who, having once enter'd, hath shown us the way,
O Lord! how to worship before thee;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore thee!

This, this is the worship that Jesus made known;
When she of Samaria found him
By the patriarch's well sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noon-tide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple the homage he taught
To her, who inquired by that fountain,
If Jesus at Solyma's shrine would be sought?
Or ador'd on Samaria's mountain?

Woman! believe me, the hour is near,
When He, if ye rightly would hail him,
Will neither be worshipp'd exclusively here,
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a Spirit! and they, who aright
Would perform the pure worship he loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
That spirit the Father approveth.

And many that prophecy's truth can declare,
Whose bosoms have livingly known it,
Whom God had instructed to worship him there,
And convinced that his mercy will own it.

The temple that Solomon built to his name,
Now lives but in history's story;
Extinguish'd long since is its altar's bright flame,
And vanish'd each glimpse of its glory.

But the Christian, made wise by a wisdom divine,
Though all human fabrics may falter,
Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,
Where the fire burns unquench'd on the altar!

THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

The calm sunshine of the first pleasant spring
day comes with a soothing influence over the
heart. Who hears not the first song of birds,
and looks on the fresh budding promises of the
young season without delight? The stern
reign of winter over; his storms hushed to rest;
we look abroad and behold his icy chains broken
link after link, until nature, released from
thralldom, comes forth smiling in her green robes
in search of early flowers, inspiring us with
pleasure, and bidding the bosom expand with
gratitude to Him who rules the spheres, and
rolls the seasons round. But while musing on
the opening charms, memory will often come
whispering a moral lesson to the ear; she leads
us back to the spring times of other years; to
the glad season of youth, when hope spanned
the future with her rainbow colourings, and
pleasures mingled with every dream of life.
The flowers are budding—budding for us—but
not for all who gazed, delighted on their unfold-
ing beauties in other springs—graves, above
which now the first spring season is smiling,
may be seen in every church-yard; whose are
they? The graves of those who were as gay,
as full of life and hope and happiness, as we,
a year ago.

But it seems to me these changing seasons
teach to meditative man more than the brief-
lessons that he too must change. They speak
a lesson of virtue. How kind, how benevolent
is the bounteous Governor of the universe.
How beautifully he adorns this temporary resi-
dence of his creatures. How exactly all the
changes of the year are adapted to the promo-
tion of our well being and happiness. How
much benevolence is manifest in all the deal-
ings of Providence. And if it be wise to aim
at the greatest perfection of character—what
an example it affords us for doing so. How
kind should we be to one another. How should
we strive to administer happiness to those
around us. How careful not to cause pain in
any. There is constantly opened around us a
wide field for the exercise of every philan-
thropic feeling. We are purposely placed in cir-
cumstances which afford us constant opportu-
nities of proving ourselves by our works.

Emporium.

HUMAN NATURE. It is only by a steady and
careful attention, that mankind can become ac-
quainted with themselves—by such attention,
rapid progress may be made in this important
science, and the experience of every one who
has made an acquaintance with his own heart
the object of his inquiry, will make the obser-
vation correct, that human happiness is in a
great degree, dependent on a just and well
founded knowledge of human nature.

PRAYER.—Prayer is that by which a man engages
all the auxiliaries of omnipotence itself against his
sin; and is so utterly contrary to, and inconsistent with
it, that the same heart cannot long hold them both,
but one must soon quit possession of the other; and
either praying makes a man leave off sinning, or sin-
ning forces him to give over praying.

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

CARTER'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

London, 15th August, 1825.

In the Streets and buildings of London, pub-
lic and private, with the exception of St. Paul's,
Westminster Abbey, and a few others, I have
been egregiously disappointed. There is no-
thing impressive or prepossessing in its aspect.
Most of the houses and shops are of dark brick,
two and three stories high, and much crowded,
situate upon irregular, narrow and dirty streets.
Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, which sound
so well on paper, resemble the region about
the Collect in New-York. Even the west end
of the town has by no means answered my ex-
pectations. Its buildings will not bear a com-
parison with the upper parts of Broadway, or
the better parts of Boston, Philadelphia, and
Baltimore. The Chancellor of the Exchequer
has a neat house; but Lord Wellington's, near
the entrance of Hyde Park, is a large, square,
plain building, of smoky brick, destitute of
every species of ornament and elegance. Lord
Liverpool's, the Duke of Northumberland's, and
the residences generally of the nobility exhibit
little taste. As for the Duke of Devonshire,
his dwelling is so encased by high brick walls,
that no one has an opportunity of viewing it.
St. James' Palace, and in fact all the royal edi-
fices about London, are most unprincipally looking
places, displaying neither elegance nor splendour.

The handsomest part of the town is about
Regent's Park and Portland Place. Regent-
street and Waterloo Place are also fine. The
houses are of brick, uniform in their construc-
tion, and covered with a thick stucco, giving
them an appearance of being built of white
marble. In this part of the city, the streets are
spacious and airy.

The great avenues through London run par-
allel to the Thames, from Westminster to the
eastern end. There are two of them. Differ-
ent sections of the one nearest the river, and
generally within fifty rods of its left bank, go
by the several names of Piccadilly, the Strand,
Fleet-street, Ludgate, and some others, leading
to the Tower. The other great thoroughfare
runs parallel to this, at the distance of half a
mile to the north, and leads through Holborn,
Chancery, and Cornhill. These streets are
generally wide, but are constantly thronged,
from morning till midnight, with carriages,
carts, and vehicles of every description, as well
as with foot passengers. So great is the prom-
iscuous multitude, and the difficulty of passing,
that it occupies a much longer time to ride than
to walk the same distance. No person can wit-
ness these ceaseless tides of population ebbing
and flowing like the restless ocean, and reflect
that in a short time the whole will sink into
oblivion, giving place to a new generation,
without having his mind forcibly impressed
with the vanity of life. Few of the busy, gay,
and fashionable throng are known beyond their
narrow spheres, or will be remembered after
the curtain drops. But this is not the place for
moralizing.

One of the leading features in the topogra-
phy of London is the great number of public
squares and parks. These are every thing to a
city thus crowded and confined, adding equally
to its health and beauty. Several of the large-
est are open to every one, and afford delightful
promenades. We have rambled through most
of them. The principal ones are St. James'
and Hyde Park, at the west end of the town.
Both of them are spacious, beautifully adorned
with trees, gravel walks, and artificial waters,
which cool the air and vary the prospect. I
could almost forgive the mock battle upon the
Serpentine, in which the flag of our country
was struck by order of his majesty, to gratify
the potentates of Europe, for the grateful
breeze it afforded me, while walking on a warm
afternoon, upon its green and shady bank.

Our visit to Hyde Park was at the most fash-
ionable hour, for the purpose of witnessing the
style of "the nobility and gentry." This Park
contains about 400 acres. At the entrance
is a colossal statue of Achilles, standing upon a
lofty pedestal, and armed with his sword and
shield. It was cast from cannon taken at the
battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse and
Waterloo, and is inscribed by the ladies to
"Wellington and his brave companions in arms." Around the Park there is a carriage-path, re-
sembling a race-course, where all who are able
to ride, and some who probably are not, parade
in full dress and equipage. Lords and ladies
roll on in their coaches, which by the bye are
generally heavy and inelegant; while a troop of
dandies, with sugar-loaf hats, whiskers meeting
at the chin, and mustachios covering the upper
lip, gallop after. The last-mentioned ornament
is all the rage here at present, being worn by
some of the nobility. Of all the whims and
follies in dress, this is the most outrageous, inde-
cent and disgusting. One would think, that
every polished society would cry out against it;
yet the fashionables are here seen walking the
streets arm-in-arm with the ladies, wearing a
tuft of dirty hair upon the lip.

Our walk was extended quite round the Park,
and to Kensington Gardens. The whole of
these spacious grounds were filled with crowds
of people, high and low, old and young, male
and female. Such a general rendezvous afford-

ed us a pretty fair opportunity of seeing the
population of London in their best attire, and
with smiling countenances. The ladies very
generally have pretty faces. Some of them
are extremely handsome. It is in fact an un-
common thing to see a woman with an ugly set
of features except in the lowest classes. But
in their forms, and the whole contour of their
persons, except their faces, they do not surpass
in delicacy and beauty the ladies of our own
country. The former are generally much gross-
er than the latter, and appear to enjoy an ex-
cess of good health. Some of the higher class-
es are said to be perfect angels. But this is a
delicate subject, and perhaps my opinion has al-
ready been expressed too freely. I will at any
rate change the topic for one of a graver char-
acter.

Nearly two out of our ten days in London
have been passed in Westminster Abbey, and as
many more might be devoted to its numerous
monuments with equal pleasure. It is indeed a
most fascinating place to one who has read and
admired the poets, orators, philosophers, jurists,
and divines of England; who is familiar with
the civil, military, and naval history of the
country; or who is fond of witnessing an exhibi-
tion of the arts, erected for the noble purpose
of perpetuating the remembrance of genius,
learning, and taste. The building itself is ad-
mirably fitted for a repository of the distinguish-
ed dead. No one could approach the venera-
ble pile, with its grey Gothic turrets, without
feelings of reverence, and solemnity, even if it
were divested of those associations, which the
recollection of departed greatness awakens.
Whether it be mere fancy, or owing to some
peculiarity in the architecture, or the sombre
complexion of the material, the Abbey even at
a distance, wears an aspect of sober grandeur,
and an air commanding veneration, which no
other edifice I have ever seen possesses; and
the eye of the spectator, as it surveys the weath-
er-beaten structure, its lofty portals, and Gothic
windows, sends a thrill to the heart.

The only entrance at present is through the
southern transept, denominated "the Poets'
Corner;" and who could wish for a more inter-
esting passage? In this section of the church,
the visitant finds himself at once surrounded by
monuments to the memory of Ben Johnson,
Butler, Milton, Gray, Mason, Prior, Grenville
Sharp, Shakespeare, Thomson, Rowe, Dr.
Johnson, Garrick, Gay, Goldsmith, Addison,
Hendel, Hales, Dr. Barrow, Camden, Chaucer,
Spencer, Dryden, Cowley, Phillips, Drayton,
and many others less known to the world.
Finding himself in the midst of such a group,
with so many attractions on all sides, one scarce-
ly knows to whom first to turn and pay the tri-
bute of his respect. Having the day before
me, I began with "Rare Ben Johnson," whose
monument is near the entrance, and proceeded
deliberately around the walls of the Abbey
against which these mementos of the dead are
placed. Fatigue often compelled me to brush
the dust from the pedestal of one tomb, and
seat myself upon its corner, to read a long in-
scription and examine the sculptured marble of
the next in order. Full notes were taken of the
designs, the epitaphs, and other circumstances,
even in some cases to the colour of the stone.

There are obvious defects in grouping the
monuments of the Abbey. Had the idea of
"the Poets' Corner" been strictly adopted, it
would have been a great improvement. It is
gratifying to see those sleeping side by side,
who in life were united by the ties of friend-
ship, or assimilated by kindred pursuits. There
are several beautiful illustrations of this princi-
ple in the Abbey. The monument of Gray
is immediately under that of Milton, and con-
nected with it. On the former, the lyric Muse,
in alto-relievo, is in the attitude of holding a
medallion to Gray, and at the same time point-
ing her finger to the bust of Milton above, with
the following inscription:

"No more the Grecian Muse unrivalled reigns,
To Britain left the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

Another instance of this kind was observed,
still more striking and beautiful. The remains
of Johnson and Garrick repose side by side be-
neath the pavement, at the feet of Shakespeare.
Here is a triple association of the most inter-
esting character. The moralist and tragedian
were intimate friends in life, sustaining the re-
lation of preceptor and pupil, and the still near-
er one of having encountered penury and neg-
lect together: they sleep at the feet of the
great dramatic master, whose genius they both
reverenced, and both illustrated, in the closet
and upon the stage. Shakespeare's monument
is beautiful in design and execution, worthy of
the poet whom it commemorates, and of the
taste of Pope who was a member of the com-
mittee that superintended its erection.

In another part of the church, the relics of
the two great orators, William Pitt and Charles
James Fox, rest by the side of each other. But
the violation of this principle of grouping the
monuments is so frequent, that the foregoing
instances seem rather accidental than premed-
itated. Dr. Watts' slab is interposed between
military and naval heroes, knights and nobles,
whose pursuits were entirely foreign to
his own. The superb monument in memory of
Sir Isaac Newton, although grand in design and
elegant in execution, is liable to the same ob-

jection. He is surrounded by women, and has
not a scientific or literary associate in the neigh-
bourhood. Addison has fallen into a more ap-
propriate circle. His monument consists of a
full length statue, which is said to be a good
likeness, standing upon an elevated pedestal, and
looking towards the Poets' Corner, where he
loved to linger while living. Goldsmith's head,
in relief, is over one of the doors, and is re-
markable for little else, than the classical and
complimentary epitaph by Dr. Johnson.

While in some of these monuments great
taste is displayed, in others, the designs and or-
naments are fantastic and almost ludicrous. On
a little slab in the pavement, not more than
eighteen inches square, is the inscription—"O
rare Sir William Davenant!"—and nothing
more. No one can read it without a smile. As
a discriminating mark of merit, a monument
in the Abbey is a most fallacious test, and its
principal object is in a great measure defeated.
Wealth, power, friendship, or favouritism has
foisted into the cemetery, and commemorated
by lofty pyramids of marble, hundreds of per-
sons who might as well have slept elsewhere.
On the other hand, many illustrious names are
not here to be found. I looked in vain for
Locke, Bacon, Cowper, and even Pope, whose
taste contributed so largely to the embellish-
ment of the sculptured marble. There does
not appear to have been much point in Nelson's
celebrated motto—"Victory or Westminster
Abbey."

It is, however, reckoned a high honour to
obtain a niche in this ancient and venerable re-
pository; and the prominence upon its walls,
which some of its inmates have acquired by the
unaided efforts of their own genius and talents,
is a creditable commentary on the character
and institutions of England. Shakespeare, John-
son, Garrick, and hundreds of others, whose
memories are cherished and revered, rose to
eminence from the humblest origin. Nor are
these honours in all cases merely posthumous.
Several of the most prominent characters now
in power are self-created men. The Prime
Minister, is the son of an actress; Lord Liver-
pool's father was a cobbler; and Lord Eldon,
the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was once a ser-
vant boy, whose business was to sweep the of-
fice of an attorney. This is a noble feature,
and in some degree atones for the opposite de-
fects, with which it is associated. Our happy
republic carries the principle to a still greater
extent.

BENIN GOROD.

A TALE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

The name of Benin Gorod, in Mull, a moun-
tain with aescates, two hundred feet in height,
discovered by Mr. Raps in the year 1789, and
far superior to Staffa, the Giant's Causeway, or
any other specimen of the kind hitherto known,
arises from a record of so tragical a nature that
it should be preserved. There are many tra-
ditions respecting it, but the following is said
to be the most authentic. A powerful chieftain
who was Lord of the Island of Mull many years
ago, was no less distinguished for the extent of
his territories, where he lived in great feudal
magnificence, than for a ferocity of temper
which knew no bounds; and a spirit of avarice
which he found no means of satisfying but by
grievously oppressing his tenants and vassals,
and seizing their property and estates. He
was particularly anxious to acquire the pos-
sessions of a neighbour whose name was Gorod,
on account of their extent and contiguity. But
he had long abstained from any attempt of this
kind, both as Gorod, though above fifty years
of age, had remained unmarried, and falling of
him and his heirs, the estate reverted to the
chieftain; and because his only son, who was
feared according to the custom of those times,
in the family of a vassal, was in his custody.
Gorod, however, contrary to the expectation
of every one, married a young lady of great
beauty and accomplishments, whom he had ac-
cidentally met with in one of the neighbouring
islands; and the chieftain had reason to appre-
hend that the expectations with which he had
flattered himself of getting his vassal's estate by
a failure of his posterity, would be frustrated.
Impelled by disappointment, he resolved to de-
stroy the hopes and happiness of Gorod by the
seduction of his wife, which he with difficulty
effected, and at last carried her in triumph to
his castle. Gorod concealed his rage, whilst he
inwardly vowed vengeance; and having con-
trived in the course of a great hunting party at
which the chieftain and his son, Gorod, and the
lady, and all the principal people of the island
assisted, to bring the whole company to the sum-
mit of a lofty mountain: He seized the youth,
and standing by the brink of the precipice he
exclaimed, "This instant I plunge myself and
this boy down the cliff, unless that infamous
woman is put to death by the hands of her sed-
ucer."—The chieftain trembling for the safety
of the only support of his family, and encour-
aged by the persuasions of his unhappy mistress,
who presented her breast to receive the blow,
reluctantly obeyed.—Gorod then cried out, "I
am revenged, but that tyrant must be punish-
ed;" then springing from the mountain with
the unhappy youth in his arms, they were al-
most instantly dashed in pieces. The place
has ever since been called *Benin Gorod*, or *the
Hill of Gore-d*.

POETRY.

FROM THE N. Y. AMERICAN. TRAVELLING FOR PLEASURE.

Tour to Canada.
Swift fly the horses on the road,
For pleasure do we go;
Twelve in a coach, a common load,
A squalling child or two;
Sometimes we're wet,
Sometimes we're wet,
As we for pleasure roam;
But toil and care
We choose to bear,
Rather than stay at home.
The steam-boat rushes up the tide,
Rich is the landscape round;
Near to the fertile banks we glide,
No fear of being drowned—
But boilers burst,
And scald we must,
As we for pleasure roam;
Vapour and smoke
Our senses choke,
While borne away from home.
With fragrance sweet, and breezes kind
The south wind gently blows—
Oppress'd with heat the languid mind
Is lulled into repose.
Now hail-storms rise,
Red lightning flies,
As we for pleasure roam;
And thunders roll
To appal the soul,
While we are far from home.
Worn with fatigue, with aching head
And visage all forlorn,
We throw our weight upon a bed
Made of the husks of corn,
Amongst bugs and gnats,
And fleas and rats,
As we for pleasure roam;
Such vermin keep
Our eyes from sleep,
And make us wish for home.
On current smooth, the batteau floats,
By island, point, and bluff;
The song or jest, no care denotes;
The steersman's voice is rough.
See rocks appear,
The rapid's near,
As we for pleasure roam;
With risk of life,
We love the strife
Better than quiet home.
To ride an old hack horse is bad;
The slow canal boat's worse—
The jolting caliche drives us mad,
And wagons make us curse.
With bruises, groans,
And broken bones,
We still for pleasure roam;
And if your ease
Can't bear all these,
You'd better stay at home.

PARODIES.

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully cur'd."
I knew by the horn, which so gracefully wound
Its loud swelling music, that dinner was near;
And I said, if good cheer in this world's to be found,
The man that is at rest, and I heard not a sound,
Save the knives and the forks rattling over the plates.
And here by this well furnished board, I exclaim'd,
With beef, pork and parsnips, and pudding and pie,
Which by eating I'd praise, and 'twould seldom be
Blam'd,
How well could I live, and how fat should I die.
By yonder plum pudding, whose red berries dip
In a gush of molasses, how sweet to recline,
And to know the huge slice which I rais'd to my lip,
Had never been tasted by any but mine.
I knew by the iron-bound windows I saw,
Looking cheerless and sad, that the gaol-house
Was near;
And I said, if a poor man's in debt, then the law
Will furnish him, rent free, a residence here.
It was night—and on straw that lay scatter'd around,
Two prisoners were bound by a somnific spell;
Even the keeper was mute—and I heard not a sound,
But the strong bolt that echoed poor liberty's knell.
And here, in this lonely dark room, I exclaim'd,
With companions disgusting to soul and to eye,
Who would mock if I prais'd them, and curse when
I blam'd;
'Tis misery to live—and 'tis horror to die.
By the moon's partial light that gleams faint through
The grates,
I can just see the corner where I'm to recline;
O, pity, ye wise legislators, my fate,
And again let the blessings of freedom be mine!
FALLSTAFF.

THE OLIO.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

In a certain town within our County, a certain gentleman was appointed a Justice of the Peace. He took upon himself uncommon power, and manifested great dignity in executing the duties of his said office. There was a plain alteration in his deportment; walked more erect; more tasty in his dress; decided directly on law questions; laid the matter down with his hand as he walked, in the midst of his soliloquies and golden dreams of future greatness. The said certain town chose him Clerk. Honours multiplied; and it became expedient if not necessary, for him to treat his constituents. After performing the duties of his office as Clerk—swearing the officers, &c., and drinking healths a great number of times to his best friends; it was necessary for him to retire home at a very early hour; and soon as he had touched his bed, he was wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. In the evening his wife found him up and told him, Mr. — and Miss — had come to be married. His Honour says, "let them come in." The loving couple then rose; palpitation beat high—their hearts were in their mouths—they measured their steps slow but solemn, expecting they were approaching the sacred Altar, where they should

realize many of their anticipations, and a complete consummation of their wishes.

Thus they stood trembling before his Honour. When it was announced they were ready, his Honour said something about hands;—they joined their hands. His Honour began; "You being chosen Hogreaves for the year ensuing, do swear, that you will perform the duties thereof, according to your best skill and judgment.—So—help—you—God;" and instantly snored. The loving pair understood not two words that was said, but doubted not. In seasonable time retreated towards the bed of love, fancifully adorned; the curtains festooned round; the sheets all lily white; they retired—no fleas to root them; no congregations of bugs, no witches, no wizzards, no nightmares, no foreboding visions to disturb their peace; but there they slept calmly, (if they slept at all,) and dreamed sweetly, till the glorious sun of day awoke all nature to life and animation. Then the bridegroom got up, looked out and smiled. The bride came forth, innocent as heaven, blushing like a primrose.—His Honour arose, shook his Magisterial locks, and growled.

His wife expressed great concern, and told him, "them persons last night came to be married, and you know she belongs to the church, and now they have been to bed together, and what a fuss it will make." His Honour says, "they think they are married, and let them keep on thinking and acting—I will record them married, and it will do."

At the next annual town meeting for the choice of officers, they dismissed his Honour, and choose all the new married men Hogreaves, and made him swear them.

From hence has come the custom in many towns, of choosing all the men who stand near the Hymeneal altar, Hogreaves—A ludicrous appearance; the Clergyman and the Coblentz, the learned and unlearned, Gentlemen and Simplemen—all must be arraigned and sworn Hogreaves.

FROM THE N. E. GALAXY.

Mr. Buckingham—The following anecdote, in substance, was related to me by a revolutionary officer. Whether it is founded on fact, or not, it is characteristic of Yankee resolution and skill in stratagem, "in those times which tried men's souls," and bodies too:

A British war-like vessel, of considerable force, was cruising off the coast of Connecticut, for some days; which was a sight not at all agreeable to the Yankees on shore; one of whom undertook to put a stop to such insolence. For this purpose he collected a crew of hardy, resolute fellows, like himself, chartered a stout coasting vessel, loaded the deck, to all appearance, with barrels, boxes, &c. fit for the coasting trade, stowed his comrades below, well armed with cutlasses, pistols, and other implements fit for boarding, and with only hands enough on deck to work the vessel, set sail on this adventurous expedition. He was soon in sight of the man-of-war, which made sail for him. He pretended to crawl off, as well as he could; but did not greatly hurry himself. Ere long they were within hailing distance, when the following conversation ensued:

Capt. Jotham. "Aho! what vessel's that?"
Capt. Bull. "A British man-of-war. What are you, where are you from, and where are you bound?"
J. "I'm an American coaster, from Stonington harbour, bound all along shore."
B. "Where's Stonington harbour?"
J. "You're a pretty fellow for a man-of-war, and don't know where Stonington harbour is."
B. "None of your impudence, or I'll fire into you, and sink you. What are you loaded with?"
J. "Sure upon deck and meat in the hold, and the deacon's *die* besides; so fire away and be dam'd, and stave that, and see who'll pay for it."
B. "Come along side, you rebel rascal, or I'll blow you sky-high."
J. "Well, I must, I *spose*, for your great black guns there look *darnation* potherish."

Upon this Jotham, taking advantage of the wind, immediately ran foul of and grappled the British vessel; his crew immediately rushed upon deck; proving, to the complete surprise and infinite astonishment of the British, that the "meat in the hold" was all alive. They were wholly unprepared for resistance, so surrendered at discretion. "Now," says Jotham, "haul down that rag there up aloft, and we'll hang up another *guess* on it in its place, with stars and stripes on't, and then show you Stonington harbour, about the *quickest*." This was speedily accomplished as much to the joy and exultation of the Yankees, as to the chagrin and mortification of their captives.

THE LEFT STOCKING. Perhaps it is not generally known that the ladies pull off their left stocking last—but it is a fact; and it is asserted on the best authority that all of them invariably follow this rule.

A country Esquire, who had been a distinguished member of a church for several years, became so addicted to theft that he was several times suspended from fellowship. The sixth or seventh time he made several applications before they would heed his entreaties; but finally agreed to receive him. The next Sabbath, after divine service was ended, the Clergyman entertained his audience with the following narration:—"At a recent meeting of the members of this church, it was voted to receive Esq. — again to our Communion; on the same principles that our Saviour condescended to sup with Judas;—knowing him to be a thief from the beginning."

The following curious copy of a shop-bill, at Wigan, in Lancashire, (Eng.) appeared in the Public Ledger of the 6th January:

"James William, parish clerk, sextons, town crier, and bellman—makes and sells all sorts of haberdasheries, groceries, &c. likewise hair and whigs, drest and cut on the shortest notice.

"N. B. I keep an evening school, were I teach at rosnabel rats, reedin, writin, and singin."

"N. B. I play the hooboy occasionally if wanted."

"My shop is next door, were I bleeds, draw teeth, and shoe horses, with the greatest skill."

"N. B. Children taut to dance, if agreeable, at 6d. per week by me J. Williams, who buy and sell old iron, and coals.—hocs cleaned and mended."

"N. B. A hat a pair of stockings to be cudgled for the best in 5 on Shroff Teshday. For particles enquire within, or at the horse shoe and bell, near the church on tother side of the way."

"N. B. Look over the door for the fight of the three pigeons."

"N. B. I sell good Ayle, and some times cyder, Lodgings for single men."

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Paris.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident Proprietors of the following lots of LAND, in the town of Paris, in the County of Oxford, State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, for the year 1825, and also for deficiency of Highway Taxes for the year 1824, as follows—

Names.	No. of Lots.	Range.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax.	Deficiency, 1824.
Wm. Reed, S. W. part,	7	1	20	60	3	12
Do. West part,	9	1	60	240	3	12
Do. S. W. part,	11	1	100	100	1	30
Unknown,	29	3	100	100	1	30
" E. half,	5	6	50	100	1	30
" N. part,	25	7	100	100	1	30
Wm. & Henry } part,	25	5	100	100	1	30
Hyde, }	26	5	100	100	1	30
Davis Paine, part,	29	1	50	75	97	
B. Walton, part,	15	3	20	60	73	
W. & S. Luskia, half,	25	5	100	150	1	65
Daniel Smith, W. part,	6	1	10	40	44	
Josiah Bartlett,	29	1	50	100	1	10

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before Saturday the 5th day of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon—I shall expose and sell at Public Vendue so much of said respective lots of Land, as will discharge the same, at the Court-House, in Paris. EBENEZER DANIELS, Collector for 1825. Paris, April 7, 1826.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Gilead.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Proprietors of the Lands hereinafter mentioned, in the town of Gilead, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me for collection, for the State, County, Town and School Taxes, for the year 1825, in the respective sums following, viz:

Names.	No. of Range.	Land on the North side of the Androscoggin river.	Value.	Tax.
Unknown,	10	North end of	100	15
Do. do.	10	do.	5	00
Do. do.	11	do.	260	17
Names.	No. of Range.	Land on the South side of the Androscoggin river.	Value.	Tax.
Unknown, 1 S. E. part of Range	200	20	00	19
Do. 4 South end of	200	25	00	24
Do. 6 do. do.	150	25	00	24
Do. 7 do. do.	200	25	00	24
Do. 9 do. do.	200	20	00	19
Do. 18 do. do.	100	15	00	14

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before Monday the Twenty-fourth day of June next, so much of said Land as will satisfy the same, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the Dwelling-house of the subscriber, in Gilead aforesaid, at ten of the clock in the forenoon of said day.

ASA KIMBALL, Collector of Gilead, 1825. Gilead, March 28, 1826.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Peru.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Non-resident Proprietors and Owners of the following lots of LAND, in the town of Peru, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in a Bill committed to me to collect, for the year 1825, which are as follows:

Owner's Name.	Range of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax.
Sylvanus Poland, two Gores,	13	60	203	03
Thompson grant,	7	8	100	25
W. Thomas, "	9	8	100	125
H. Farewell, "	10	8	100	100
H. Farewell, "	8	9	100	100
W. Thomas, "	5	9	100	125
H. Farewell, "	9	9	100	160
" "	10	12	100	100
" "	4	14	100	100
Henry Molton, "	16	7	100	100
F. Walton, Pecke's grant,	24	135	153	
Stockwell, "	23	100	150	169
H. Farewell, Lum's grant,	2	3	100	200

And unless said Taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before Saturday the Twentieth day of May next, so much of said Land will be sold at Public Vendue, as will discharge the same, at the Dwelling-house of STEPHEN GAMMON, in said Peru, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. ROBINSON TURNER, Jr. Collector of Peru for 1825. Peru, April 5, 1826.

A STRAY TRUNK!!

THIS subscriber received a Trunk by the Stage, a short time since, containing several articles of Wearing Apparel, and an old Pocket-Book, in which are several Notes, which were filed, as signed by Robie French, or Robie French, Jr.—some of them dated at Strafford, (N. H.)—The Trunk is made of wood, and painted a blue marble colour.—The owner may have the same by calling upon the subscriber, proving property and paying charges. The same Stage which brought this Trunk, also brought me a small package from Concord, (N. H.)—It is possible the Trunk was taken from that place. Paris, April 17. ASA BARTON.

JUST PUBLISHED,

AND FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore,

A TREATISE on the Union, Affinity, and Consanguinity between Christ and his Church.

And he is the head of the body, the Church, who is the beginning, the first born from the dead. And (having made peace through the blood of his cross) by him to reconcile all things to himself. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.

It is hoped that all who are friendly to the doctrine of the final salvation of the whole human family, will purchase for themselves a copy of this valuable work. Price—only 37 1/2 cents. Paris, April 5.

SALT RHEUM.

THIS inveterate disease which has so long baffled the art of the most experienced Physicians, has at length found a sovereign remedy, in DR. LA GRANGE'S GENUINE Ointment.

Few Cutaneous diseases are met with more reluctance by the Physician, and none in which he is so universally unsuccessful. This Ointment has stood the test of experience and justly obtained an unparalleled celebrity. It immediately removes the scabs, gives a healthy action to the vessels of the skin, and its original colour and smoothness.

Numerous recommendations might be obtained of its superior efficacy, but the Proprietor chose that a FAIR TRIAL should be its only commentator. It has in three or four weeks cured cases of fifteen and twenty years standing, that had resisted the power of every other remedy that could be devised.

It not only at once gives immediate relief in Salt Rheum, but cures Tinea Capitis, (commonly called SCALD HEAD,) and all scabby eruptions peculiar to unhealthy children.

There is nothing of a mercurial nature contained in it, and it may be used on infants, or others under any circumstances whatever.

The above valuable medicine may be had at the Oxford Bookstore—WHOLESALE or RETAIL. Paris, March 9.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that Taxes for the years eighteen hundred and twenty-four and eighteen hundred and twenty-five, have been ordered and assessed by the Court of Sessions for the County of Oxford, on the following described Townships and Tracts of Land situated in said County of Oxford:

Townships.	Date of Tax.	Amount of Tax.	Total amount.
Letter E,	A.D. 1824	\$ 81	\$
Same,	" 1825	5 30	10 31
Number one, Range one,	" 1824	5 19	
Same,	" 1825	5 93	11 12
Number one, Letter A,	" 1824	6 11	
Same,	" 1825	6 99	13 10
Number two, Letter A,	" 1824	6 65	
Same,	" 1825	7 00	14 25
Number four, Range three,	" 1825	5 60	5 60
Number two, Range three,	" 1824	4 90	
Same,	" 1825	5 60	10 50
Number four, Range four,	" 1824	5 37	
Same,	" 1825	6 14	11 51
Number two, Range two,	" 1825	6 14	6 14
Letter C, adjoining Letter B,	" 1825	3 88	9 88
Letter B,	" 1825	6 82	6 82
Number seven,	" 1824	5 14	
Same,	" 1825	5 88	11 02
Andover Surplus, North,	" 1825	3 20	3 20

The Proprietors and Owners of said Lands are hereby notified that, unless said several Taxes and intervening charges are paid into the Treasury of said County of Oxford, within Six Months from the date hereof, warrants will be issued to the Sheriff of said County, requiring him to make sale of said Lands, according to the directions of the law in such cases made and provided.

HENRY RUST, Treasurer of said County of Oxford. Norway, April 14, 1826.

Post-Office, Paris, April 15, 1826. THE public are informed that the Eastern Mail through Buckfield, South Hartford, North Turner, Lead, Wayne, Winthrop, and Hallowell Roads to Augusta, will be closed at this Post-Office every Thursday Evening, at sunset, until further notice. The Mail leaves on Friday Mornings and returns on Saturday Evenings. RUSSELL HUBBARD, Post-Master.

NOTICE

RAN AWAY, from the subscriber on the third inst. LABAN COOLIDGE, an Apprentice, seventeen years old, bound to me by the Overseers of the Poor of the town of Canton, till he arrives at the age of twenty-one. All persons are cautioned against harbouring or trusting him on my account, for I shall pay no debts of his contracting;—and I do hereby forbid all persons from hiring or employing the said Coolidge, except for my benefit—as I have a legal right to his services and shall claim his wages. REUEL HINKLEY. Canton, April 5th, 1826.

MAINE TOWN OFFICER—2d edition, FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore. Every person who is concerned in town business ought to have a copy of this work. March 30.

THE OBSERVER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrearages paid, but at the option of the publisher. ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted, and on the usual terms.

All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be Post Paid.—C

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OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 4, 1826.

[NUMBER 96.]

THE REFLECTOR.

GOSPEL WORSHIP.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

How glorious, O God! must thy temple have been,
On the day of its first dedication,
When the Cherubim's wings widely waving were seen
On high, o'er the ark's holy station;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skill'd
To minister, standing before thee,
Retir'd from the cloud which the temple then fill'd,
And thy glory made Israel adore thee.

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then,
Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,
Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual forever repeal'd?
But by Him unto whom it was given
To enter the Oracle, where is reveal'd,
Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven.

Who, having once enter'd, hath shown us the way,
O Lord! how to worship before thee;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore thee!

This, this is the worship that Jesus made known;
When she of Samaria found him
By the patriarch's well sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noon-tide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple the homage he taught
To her, who inquired by that fountain,
If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought?
Or ador'd on Samaria's mountain?

Woman! believe me, the hour is near,
When He, if ye rightly would hail him,
Will neither be worshipp'd exclusively here,
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a Spirit! and they, who aright
Would perform the pure worship he loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
That spirit the Father approveth.

And many that prophecy's truth can declare,
Whose bosoms have livingly known it,
Whom God had instructed to worship him there,
And convinced that his mercy will own it.

The temple that Solomon built to his name,
Now lives but in history's story;
Extinguish'd long since is its altar's bright flame,
And vanish'd each glimpse of its glory.

But the Christian, made wise by a wisdom divine,
Though all human fabrics may falter,
Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,
Where the fire burns unquench'd on the altar!

THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

The calm sunshine of the first pleasant spring
day comes with a soothing influence over the
heart. Who hears not the first song of birds,
and looks on the fresh budding promises of the
young season without delight? The stern
reign of winter over; his storms hushed to rest;
we look abroad and behold his icy chains broken
link after link, until nature, released from
thralldom, comes forth smiling in her green robes
in search of early flowers, inspiring us with
pleasure, and bidding the bosom expand with
gratitude to Him who rules the spheres, and
rolls the seasons round. But while musing on
the opening charms, memory will often come
whispering a moral lesson to the ear; she leads
us back to the spring times of other years; to
the glad season of youth, when hope spanned
the future with her rainbow colourings, and
pleasures mingled with every dream of life.
The flowers are budding—budding for us—but
not for all who gazed, delighted on their unfold-
ing beauties in other springs—graves, above
which now the first spring season is smiling,
may be seen in every church-yard; whose are
they? The graves of those who were as gay,
as full of life and hope and happiness, as we,
a year ago.

But it seems to me these changing seasons
teach to meditative man more than the brief
lessons that he too must change. They speak
a lesson of virtue. How kind, how benevolent
is the bounteous Governor of the universe.
How beautifully he adorns this temporary resi-
dence of his creatures. How exactly all the
changes of the year are adapted to the promo-
tion of our well being and happiness. How
much benevolence is manifest in all the deal-
ings of Providence. And if it be wise to aim
at the greatest perfection of character—what
an example it affords us for doing so. How
kind should we be to one another. How should
we strive to administer happiness to those
around us. How careful not to cause pain in
any. There is constantly opened around us a
wide field for the exercise of every philan-
thropic feeling. We are purposely placed in cir-
cumstances which afford us constant opportu-
nities of proving ourselves by our works.

Emporium.

HUMAN NATURE. It is only by a steady and
careful attention, that mankind can become ac-
quainted with themselves—by such attention,
rapid progress may be made in this important
science, and the experience of every one who
has made an acquaintance with his own heart
the object of his inquiry, will make the obser-
vation correct, that human happiness is in a
great degree, dependent on a just and well
founded knowledge of human nature.

PRAYER.—Prayer is that by which a man engages
all the auxiliaries of omnipotence itself against his
sin; and is so utterly contrary to, and inconsistent with
it, that the same heart cannot long hold them both;
but one must soon quit possession of the other; and
other praying makes a man leave off sinning, or sin-
ning forces him to give over praying.

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

CARTER'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

London, 15th August, 1825.

In the Streets and buildings of London, pub-
lic and private, with the exception of St. Paul's,
Westminster Abbey, and a few others, I have
been egregiously disappointed. There is no-
thing impressive or prepossessing in its aspect.
Most of the houses and shops are of dark brick,
two and three stories high, and much crowded,
situate upon irregular, narrow and dirty streets.
Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, which sound
so well on paper, resemble the region about
the Collect in New-York. Even the west end
of the town has by no means answered my ex-
pectations. Its buildings will not bear a com-
parison with the upper parts of Broadway, or
the better parts of Boston, Philadelphia, and
Baltimore. The Chancellor of the Exchequer
has a neat house; but Lord Wellington's, near
the entrance of Hyde Park, is a large, square,
plain building, of smoky brick, destitute of
every species of ornament and elegance. Lord
Liverpool's, the Duke of Northumberland's, and
the residences generally of the nobility exhibit
little taste. As for the Duke of Devonshire,
his dwelling is so encased by high brick walls,
that no one has an opportunity of viewing it.
St. James' Palace, and in fact all the royal edi-
fices about London, are most unprincipally looking
places, displaying neither elegance nor splendour.

The handsomest part of the town is about
Regent's Park and Portland Place. Regent-
street and Waterloo Place are also fine. The
houses are of brick, uniform in their construc-
tion, and covered with a thick stucco, giving
them an appearance of being built of white
marble. In this part of the city, the streets are
spacious and airy.

The great avenues through London run par-
allel to the Thames, from Westminster to the
eastern end. There are two of them. Differ-
ent sections of the one nearest the river, and
generally within fifty rods of its left bank, go
by the several names of Piccadilly, the Strand,
Fleet-street, Ludgate, and some others, leading
to the Tower. The other great thoroughfare
runs parallel to this, at the distance of half a
mile to the north, and leads through Holborn,
Cheapside, and Cornhill. These streets are
generally wide, but are constantly thronged,
from morning till midnight, with carriages,
carts, and vehicles of every description, as well
as with foot passengers. So great is the prom-
iscuous multitude, and the difficulty of passing,
that it occupies a much longer time to ride than
to walk the same distance. No person can wit-
ness these censeless tides of population ebbing
and flowing like the restless ocean, and reflect
that in a short time the whole will sink into
oblivion, giving place to a new generation,
without having his mind forcibly impressed
with the vanity of life. Few of the busy, gay,
and fashionable throng are known beyond their
narrow spheres, or will be remembered after
the curtain drops. But this is not the place for
moralizing.

One of the leading features in the topog-
raphy of London is the great number of public
squares and parks. These are every thing to a
city thus crowded and confined, adding equally
to its health and beauty. Several of the large-
est are open to every one, and afford delightful
promenades. We have rambled through most
of them. The principal ones are St. James'
and Hyde Park, at the west end of the town.
Both of them are spacious, beautifully adorned
with trees, gravel walks, and artificial waters,
which cool the air and vary the prospect. I
could almost forgive the mock battle upon the
Serpentine, in which the flag of our country
was struck by order of his majesty, to gratify
the potentates of Europe, for the grateful
breeze it afforded me, while walking on a warm
afternoon, upon its green and shady bank.

Our visit to Hyde Park was at the most fash-
ionable hour, for the purpose of witnessing the
style of "the nobility and gentry." This Park
contains about 400 acres. At the entrance
is a colossal statue of Achilles, standing upon a
lofty pedestal, and armed with his sword and
shield. It was cast from cannon taken at the
battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse and
Waterloo, and is inscribed by the ladies to
"Wellington and his brave companions in arms." Around the Park there is a carriage-path, re-
sembling a race-course, where all who are able
to ride, and some who probably are not, parade
in full dress and equipage. Lords and ladies
roll on in their coaches, which by the bye are
generally heavy and inelegant; while a troop of
dandies, with sugar-loaf hats, whiskers meeting
at the chin, and mustachios covering the upper
lip, gallop after. The last-mentioned ornament
is all the rage here at present, being worn by
some of the nobility. Of all the whims and
folies in dress, this is the most outrageous, inde-
cent and disgusting. One would think, that
every polished society would cry out against it;
yet the fashionables are here seen walking the
streets arm-in-arm with the ladies, wearing a
tuft of dirty hair upon the lip.

Our walk was extended quite round the Park,
and to Kensington Gardens. The whole of
these spacious grounds were filled with crowds
of people, high and low, old and young, male
and female. Such a general rendezvous afford-

ed us a pretty fair opportunity of seeing the
population of London in their best attire, and
with smiling countenances. The ladies very
generally have pretty faces. Some of them
are extremely handsome. It is in fact an un-
common thing to see a woman with an ugly set
of features except in the lowest classes. But
in their forms, and the whole contour of their
persons, except their faces, they do not surpass
in delicacy and beauty the ladies of our own
country. The former are generally much gross-
er than the latter, and appear to enjoy an ex-
cess of good health. Some of the higher classes
are said to be perfect angels. But this is a
delicate subject, and perhaps my opinion has al-
ready been expressed too freely. I will at any
rate change the topic for one of a graver char-
acter.

Nearly two out of our ten days in London
have been passed in Westminster Abbey, and as
many more might be devoted to its numerous
monuments with equal pleasure. It is indeed a
most fascinating place to one who has read and
admired the poets, orators, philosophers, jurists,
and divines of England; who is familiar with
the civil, military, and naval history of the
country; or who is fond of witnessing an exhibi-
tion of the arts, erected for the noble purpose
of perpetuating the remembrance of genius,
learning, and taste. The building itself is ad-
mirably fitted for a repository of the distinguish-
ed dead. No one could approach the venera-
ble pile, with its grey Gothic turrets, without
feelings of reverence, and solemnity, even if it
were divested of those associations, which the
recollection of departed greatness awakens.
Whether it be mere fancy, or owing to some
peculiarity in the architecture, or the sombre
complexion of the material, the Abbey even at
a distance, wears an aspect of sober grandeur,
and an air commanding veneration, which no
other edifice I have ever seen possesses; and
the eye of the spectator, as it surveys the weath-
er-beaten structure, its lofty portals, and Gothic
windows, sends a thrill to the heart.

The only entrance at present is through the
southern transept, denominated "the Poets'
Corner;" and who could wish for a more inter-
esting passage? In this section of the church,
the visitant finds himself at once surrounded by
monuments to the memory of Ben Johnson,
Butler, Milton, Gray, Mason, Prior, Grenville
Sharp, Shakspeare, Thomson, Rowe, Dr.
Johnson, Garrick, Gay, Goldsmith, Addison,
Handel, Hales, Dr. Barrow, Camdon, Chaucer,
Spencer, Dryden, Cowley, Philips, Dryton,
and many others less known to the world.
Finding himself in the midst of such a group,
with so many attractions on all sides, one scarce-
ly knows to whom first to turn and pay the tri-
bute of his respect. Having the day before
me, I began with "Rare Ben Johnson," whose
monument is near the entrance, and proceeded
deliberately around the walls of the Abbey
against which these mementos of the dead are
placed. Fatigue often compelled me to brush
the dust from the pedestal of one tomb, and
seat myself upon its corner, to read a long in-
scription and examine the sculptured marble of
the next in order. Full notes were taken of the
designs, the epitaphs, and other circumstances,
even in some cases to the colour of the stone.

There are obvious defects in grouping the
monuments of the Abbey. Had the idea of
"the Poets' Corner" been strictly adopted, it
would have been a great improvement. It is
gratifying to see those sleeping side by side,
who in life were united by the ties of friend-
ship, or assimilated by kindred pursuits. There
are several beautiful illustrations of this princi-
ple in the Abbey. The monument of Gray
is immediately under that of Milton, and con-
nected with it. On the former, the lyric Muse,
in alto-relievo, is in the attitude of holding a
medallion to Gray, and at the same time point-
ing her finger to the bust of Milton above, with
the following inscription:

"No more the Grecian Muse unrivalled reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

Another instance of this kind was observed,
still more striking and beautiful. The remains
of Johnson and Garrick repose side by side be-
neath the pavement, at the feet of Shakspeare.
Here is a triple association of the most inter-
esting character. The moralist and tragedian
were intimate friends in life, sustaining the re-
lation of preceptor and pupil, and the still near-
er one of having encountered penury and neg-
lect together: they sleep at the feet of the
great dramatic master, whose genius they both
reverenced, and both illustrated, in the closet
and upon the stage. Shakspeare's monument
is beautiful in design and execution, worthy of
the poet whom it commemorates, and of the
taste of Pope who was a member of the com-
mittee that superintended its erection.

In another part of the church, the relics of
the two great orators, William Pitt and Charles
James Fox, rest by the side of each other. But
the violation of this principle of grouping the
monuments is so frequent, that the foregoing
instances seem rather accidental than premed-
itated. Dr. Watts' slab is interposed between
military and naval heroes, knights and noble-
men, whose pursuits were entirely foreign to
his own. The superb monument in memory of
Sir Isaac Newton, although grand in design and
elegant in execution, is liable to the same ob-

jection. He is surrounded by women, and has
not a scientific or literary associate in the neigh-
bourhood. Addison has fallen into a more ap-
propriate circle. His monument consists of a
full length statue; which is said to be a good
likeness, standing upon an elevated pedestal, and
looking towards the Poets' Corner, where he
loved to linger while living. Goldsmith's head,
in relief, is over one of the doors, and is re-
markable for little else, than the classical and
complimentary epitaph by Dr. Johnson.

While in some of these monuments great
taste is displayed, in others, the designs and or-
naments are fantastic and almost ludicrous. On
a little slab in the pavement, not more than
eighteen inches square, is the inscription—"O
rare Sir William Davennant"—and nothing
more. No one can read it without a smile. As
a discriminating mark of merit, a monument
in the Abbey is a most fallacious test, and its
principal object is in a great measure defeated.
Wealth, power, friendship, or favouritism has
foisted into the cemetery, and commemorated
by lofty pyramids of marble, hundreds of per-
sons who might as well have slept elsewhere.
On the other hand, many illustrious names are
not here to be found. I looked in vain for
Locke, Bacon, Cowper, and even Pope, whose
taste contributed so largely to the embellish-
ment of the sculptured marble. There does
not appear to have been much point in Nelson's
celebrated motto—"Victory or Westminster
Abbey."

It is, however, reckoned a high honour to
obtain a niche in this ancient and venerable re-
pository; and the prominence upon its walls,
which some of its inmates have acquired by the
unaided efforts of their own genius and talents,
is a creditable commentary on the character
and institutions of England. Shakspeare, John-
son, Garrick, and hundreds of others, whose
memories are cherished and revered, rose to
eminence from the humblest origin. Nor are
these honours in all cases merely posthumous.
Several of the most prominent characters now
in power are self-created men. The Prime
Minister, is the son of an actress; Lord Liver-
pool's father was a cobbler; and Lord Eldon, the
Chancellor of the Exchequer, was once a ser-
vant boy, whose business was to sweep the of-
fice of an attorney. This is a noble feature;
and in some degree atones for the opposite de-
fects, with which it is associated. Our happy
republic carries the principle to a still greater
extent.

BENIN GOROD.

A TALE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

The name of Benin Gorod, in Mull, a moun-
tain with acaesates, two hundred feet in height,
discovered by Mr. Rapos in the year 1789, and
far superior to Staffa, the Giant's Causeway, or
any other specimen of the kind hitherto known,
arises from a record of so tragical a nature that
it should be preserved. There are many tra-
ditions respecting it; but the following is said
to be the most authentic. A powerful chieftain
who was Lord of the Island of Mull many years
ago, was no less distinguished for the extent of
his territories, where he lived in great feudal
magnificence, than for a ferocity of temper
which knew no bounds; and a spirit of avarice
which he found no means of satisfying but by
grievously oppressing his tenants and vassals,
and seizing their property and estates. He
was particularly anxious to acquire the pos-
sessions of a neighbour whose name was Gorod,
on account of their extent and contiguity. But
he had long abstained from any attempt of this
kind, both as Gorod, though above fifty years
of age, had remained unmarried, and failing of
him and his heirs, the estate reverted to the
chieftain; and because his only son, who was
reared according to the custom of those times,
in the family of a vassal, was in his custody.
Gorod, however, contrary to the expectation
of every one, married a young lady of great
beauty and accomplishments, whom he had ac-
cidentally met with in one of the neighbouring
islands; and the chieftain had reason to appre-
hend that the expectations with which he had
flattered himself of getting his vassal's estate by
a failure of his posterity, would be frustrated.
Impelled by disappointment, he resolved to de-
stroy the hopes and happiness of Gorod by the
seduction of his wife, which he with difficulty
effected, and at last carried her in triumph to
his castle. Gorod concealed his rage, whilst he
inwardly vowed vengeance; and having con-
trived in the course of a great hunting party at
which the chieftain and his son, Gorod, and the
lady, and all the principal people of the island
assisted, to bring the whole company to the sum-
mit of a lofty mountain: He seized the youth,
and standing by the brink of the precipice he
exclaimed, "This instant I plunge myself and
this boy down the cliff, unless that infamous
woman is put to death by the hands of her se-
ducer."—The chieftain trembling for the safe-
ty of the only support of his family, and encour-
aged by the persuasions of his unhappy mistress,
who presented her breast to receive the blow,
reluctantly obeyed.—Gorod then cried out, "I
am revenged, but that tyrant must be punish-
ed;" then springing from the mountain with
the unhappy youth in his arms, they were al-
most instantly dashed in pieces. The place
has ever since been called *Benin Gorod*, or *the
Hill of Gorod*.

FOREIGN.

FROM ENGLAND.

The British ship *Marmion*, bringing London dates of March 20 and Liverpool of the 22d, has arrived at Philadelphia.

The King of England had been ill. The reports of his illness had an effect upon the funds, and on the 16th of March his Physicians began to publish daily pulettins. The first was as follows:

King's Lodge, Windsor Park, March 16, 1826.

The King has been for the last three weeks under the influence of the gout; but on Monday last had a fever with symptoms of inflammation. The King was bled on Monday, and again on Tuesday with much relief.

His Majesty had less fever yesterday, and has still less to-day.

(Signed)

Henry Hallford,
Matthew John Tirney,
Henry Herbert Southey.

After this he grew worse, but the bulletin of the 20th of March (the last received) says, "His Majesty is convalescent."

Letters from Holland of the 14th, state that the funds were advancing, and that there was a general improvement in trade, particularly in the demand and the prices of coffee.

At Halifax and Leeds trade was generally improving. At the latter town, wool had advanced, and it was hoped woollen goods would reach something like their fair value.

To show the fall prices had sustained, the Brighton paper states, that linseed oil which was sold about five months ago at £24 per ton, a price then considered extraordinary low, was sold last week at £16 per ton, being a reduction of one third. Cargoes of coals which were never less in Shoreham harbour at any period last year than 42s. per chaldron, are now offered to be delivered in Brighton, free of expense, at 11. 19s. 6d.

St. Petersburg Journals to the 28th of February contain not a word of political intelligence. The Emperor continues to bestow favours on those who exerted themselves on the occasion of the late commotion.

The York Gazette reports that a lady just recovered from illness of a few weeks, has presented her physician with a check on her banker for £5000.

There was a plan on foot for establishing a telegraphic communication, between Liverpool and Manchester, whereby the merchants in one town might convey information to the manufacturers of the other, in the space of 30 minutes.

An article dated St. Petersburg, March 4, announces the arrival of the Duke of Wellington in the city on the preceding day. His Grace had immediately an audience of the Emperor and Empress, to whom he delivered the "condolence and felicitations" of the King of England. No allusion is made to the political object of his Grace's mission.

It is said in a private letter dated Madrid, 2d March, that a proclamation had been circulated in that city, signed by the Curate Merino, declaring that the bad state of the King's health, and of public affairs, rendered the abdication of his Majesty in favour of his brother Don Carlos indispensable; recommending that his Majesty should retire to, and end his days in a country where the climate would be more favourable to his health, and stating that at Rome he might occupy the same place in which his father Charles IV. ended his life.

The Duke del Infantado had not been removed, as was lately stated.

A new call of five pounds each have been made upon the subscribers for the tunnel under the river Thames. Fifty-seven thousand pounds sterling have been already expended. It is confidently expected that this work will be profitable to the stockholders.—*N. Y. States.*

Death of the King of Portugal. The *Etoile* dated yesterday, which we have received this morning by express, announces the above event, intelligence of which reached Paris by a telegraphic despatch. The following are extracts:

"On the 4th instant, his Majesty was attacked with an apoplectic fit, together with epilepsy. On the 5th and 6th his malady increased to such a degree as to create the greatest alarm for his life.

"After the crisis of the 6th, his Majesty experienced no new attack till the 9th, when his malady returned with augmented violence, to which the King yielded, and laid down his life on the 10th, at 6 in the evening.

"At the departure of the courier, the Princess Isabella Maria, eldest daughter of the King, acted as Regent.

"Lisbon was quite tranquil.

"We are enabled to state, that the legation of his Majesty the King of Portugal has not despatched a courier to the Infant Don Miguel, who is at Vienna, to announce the illness of the King, his father, as a journal of this day asserts.

"It was not by the telegraph, as the *Journal des Debats* says, but by a courier sent in the Portuguese embassy, that the news of the late King's illness was received.

"John VI. King of Portugal, Emperor of Brazil, was born May 13th, 1767. From 1792 he governed in the character of Regent, in the name of the Queen, his mother, who was affected with mental alienation. He succeeded her in 1817, and was crowned at Rio de Janeiro, to which place he had retired on the invasion of Portugal by Bonaparte, who, in the hope of seizing his person, lost no time in proclaiming, that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign. John VI. while still but Prince of Brazil, married, in 1790, the Infanta Charlotte Joachim, daughter of King Charles IV. of Spain.

"The Infanta Isabella Maria, who now acts as Regent, is the fourth daughter of John VI. She was born July 4, 1801.

DOMESTIC.

From the New-Haven Herald.

As the public generally appear to be much in the dark regarding the *Eagle Bank*, the writer of this communication, who is neither a debtor, creditor, nor stockholder, ventures to present the following statement, and challenges a contradiction.

The circulation is estimated at
Due to L. Catlin, \$980,000
" Savings Bank, 100,000
" Other Banks and Depositors, 90,000
" Ecclesiastical Societies, &c., 60,000
Total, 1,230,000

Total debts due from the Bank, \$1,353,800
Of which is secured by special assignment, 164,000
Total, \$1,189,800

The amount of sound money on hand, or secured, and free from a contest, is not more than sufficient for the special assignments, and the expenses of litigation, which are spoken of as enormous.

About one hundred thousand dollars more will pay all the debts due to the Bank, except those of three or four large debtors, designated as doubtful. The true value of those debts I pretend not now to estimate. But it is notorious, that one of these debtors has a claim on the Bank of over four hundred thousand dollars for endorsements; a sum far beyond his own proper indebtedness; and he has, therefore, been advised by able counsel, to attempt no payment to the Bank. Another debtor stoutly denies that any balance is due from him to the Bank; and another has had the dexterity to extricate from an attachment of the agents, property that could have paid \$60,000 by substituting about \$16,000 Eagle bills, worth 5 or 6,000.

ARIEL.

BREACH OF THE MARRIAGE PROMISE.

CRAWFORD vs. BENFORD.

This cause came on yesterday, at the Circuit Court, Judge Walworth presiding. Mr. Crawford, the plaintiff, is an instance, and a singular one, of an attempt to "bring a lady to her bearings," and appeal to a Jury for redress against fickleness and infidelity—and, indeed, we have a right to say, that if the records of our Court bear testimony against the falsehoods and follies of the men, (and they are mute in damages for such follies,) we see no reason why a lady, with a heavy purse and a whimsical taste, should not have equal justice meted to her.

"In Adam's fall we sinned all."

Mr. Crawford, the complaining swain in this case, is from Westchester. He is not one of your roystering Tom & Jerry rogues, who make love to every pretty girl, break lamps, knock down watchmen, &c., but is a substantial grey-headed gentleman of seventy-four! The lady is a widow, pretty well stricken in years, (say sixty-five,) and having a "shockingly beautiful" estate, as they say, in New-England. For the comfort of both parties, they resolved to come together, "for better and for worse." The lady was "asked three times in church," the wedding-cake made, the parson bespoke, the bride-maids named, and every thing arranged snug and comfortable—but, lo and behold! when all was ready, the widow "bolted," as they say, on the turf; she had changed her mind; she had a right to do so, having a good estate; and for this loss of a comfortable home, a velvet cap, arm-chair, slippers, hot apple toddy at night, and "all that sort of thing," the plaintiff claimed damages at the hands of the Jury.

Several witnesses were introduced to prove the declarations of the lady, as to her intentions of marrying the plaintiff, and the preliminary arrangements; all testified that the plaintiff was a very respectable, worthy, ill-treated gentleman, against whom no charge could be brought, and whose comforts were materially abridged by this cruel desertion; it was shown that he had no property himself, and, therefore, considered it necessary that his wife should have some; it was also proved, that the parties had been acquainted a whole fortnight, and had several opportunities, in that time, to declare their mutual attachment, which they did one evening at tea time—always a comfortable occasion.

For the defence, Mr. Anthon, in a speech somewhat more rhetorical than the learned gentleman's usual display, argued a variety of very pathetic topics. He talked of an ancient lady's dying meditations being disturbed by the rude assaults of a still more ancient gentleman's amorous inclinations.—He told the Jury that the plaintiff saw the lady's charms in her rent-roll, not in her face; that the courtship, though confined to the most common-place matters, was still a warm one, for the frigid temperatures of 74 and 65; that Mr. Crawford was lame, and Mrs. Benford paralytic; that the first visit of affection was likely to have been fatal to the plaintiff, who was exhausted by a weary pilgrimage of sixty years; that the promise of marriage was purely conditional, and rested on an *if*; that Mrs. Benford, on the bridal night, unconscious of her destined happiness, had hobbled to "a public," with a tribe of great-grand children; that, moreover, besides being very old, she was very foolish; that the whole business was got up by a busy body, who wished to escape from supporting the plaintiff any longer; and he concluded by beseeching the Jury to fling the cloak of their verdict around the trembling limbs of his aged and paralytic client.

The witnesses for the defence, proved that the parties were introduced to each other, in "a joke." The bridegroom was represented as being "capable of attending to lady's business, and taking all her little matters off her hands." But it appeared that he was lame and nearly blind; that the most trifling exercise put him out of breath, being phthisical, and that he laboured under the suspicion of being over-poor. The lady said if she married, Mr. H. should "give her away," because he gave her away twenty years before; and her dress should be black, because it mitigated her age, and that she would not be married at all, except her property was put out of the way of any young and vigorous husband like Mr. Crawford. Mr. C. on his side protested his sole desire was "to bury her along side of his first wife."

It appeared, that some "d—d good natured friends" stopped the old lady in her career of matrimony, and on the wedding night, when all the friends of the bridegroom were met, and the ardent lover clad in bridal apparel, instead of the fair dulcinea rushing to his eager embraces, with all her houses and lands, comes a lawyer's letter declining the affair altogether; "and, therefore, the plaintiff brought his suit, &c."

At this stage of the cause, Judge Walworth and lawyers were quite exhausted, and adjourned for two hours.

When the Court met, Mr. Martin S. Wilkins addressed the Jury with his usual felicity of sarcasm and humour. The audience was convulsed with laughter, and more than once the gravity of the bench was disturbed. When he described the projected marriage, and compared it with that of our first parents, (of whom the parties might almost have been contemporaries,) the venerable lady herself, who sat on the back seats, laughed so loud as to require the intervention of the crier. Mr. Wilkins pressed Shakspeare, Milton, Hudibras, and Joe Miller into the service of his fancy; and after an hour's speech, in which the ludicrous, the argumentative, and the pathetic, were strangely blended, left the door to Messrs. Price

and Maxwell, the defendant's counsel. The address of the latter gentleman was one of the most ingenious we ever heard. He continued, with admirable dexterity, to make his hearers forget all the ludicrous parts of the trial, and came near convincing us that none but very old people ought to enter into the marriage state. For all others, it was utterly impossible to be happy. No one but a dexterous pleader would have effected this, and such a one was Mr. M.

The learned Judge summed up the evidence, and laid down the law, with great perspicuity; and the Jury listened with great patience.—The Jury then retired—the lawyers retired—old Mr. Crawford and old Mrs. Benford retired—and, as it was rather late, our reporter retired, to hear the verdict, which this morning will be brought into Court.—*N. Y. National Ad.*

[We have since learnt that the Court awarded to the young and ardent lover, \$200.—A warning to maids and virgins not to turn coquettes. En. Obs.]

Automaton Chess Player. This curious specimen of mechanical science was exhibited, for the first time, on Thursday evening at the National Hotel. The audience was rather numerous, and consisted almost entirely of our own sex.—The spirit of curiosity, which is recognized on all hands to be a most powerful stimulus with our fairer and better halves, will, no doubt, impel them to visit in their turn so surprising a display of ingenious art. It is an old saying, that "men are machines," but Monsieur Maelzel's automata almost persuade us to reverse the maxim, and say, *machines are men.*

The chess player has already excited the attention, and provoked the investigations of the philosophers and mechanicians of Europe, but, so far as we know, in vain. The secret has not yet been discovered. Externally, nothing can be more simple. You see before you a good looking figure in the dress, and with the visage, of a Turk, sitting before a large desk or table, the interior of which is entirely concealed from sight, of course it is guessed that some person is hidden within the desk, but Monsieur Maelzel unlocks it and opens the doors—nothing is to be seen but a few shelves and some machinery. It appears utterly impossible that any human being can be concealed therein.

The exhibitor himself has no apparent connexion with the machine, as it performs its operations whilst he stands at a distance, or is walking about the room. The figure played two games, or rather the latter part of two games of chess with a visiter, and gained them both. It plays with great promptness and decision. After its adversary moves, its own moves are immediate. The hand, which is rested upon a velvet cushion, is raised, passed over the board, and placed upon the piece, which it removes with perfect accuracy to the proper square. When a check is given, it declares it in French with clearness.—The puzzling part of the matter is to understand how the automaton is made acquainted with his adversary's moves.—If any one be concealed in the desk, he is so closely shut up as to have no chance of seeing the chess-table—besides it is entirely dark within. Knowing that the machine itself is but a combination of wheels and springs, we are astonished to witness in its movements, the result of accurate thought and profound calculation. How this intellectual principle is conjoined with the machinery, and made to act upon it, is beyond our power to imagine.

The other parts of Mr. Maelzel's exhibition are of an inferior order, though by no means destitute of ingenuity. The *Trumpeter* is an awkward figure, which performs several marches with great correctness. The principle of this contrivance is sufficiently intelligible, nor are the *marionettes* or puppets very difficult to be accounted for; they are amusing and expert, without displaying any of that higher dexterity which belongs to the chess player. The exhibition was altogether very gratifying, and we trust the intelligent proprietor (who is himself the inventor of the trumpeter and puppets) may find his talents and enterprise amply rewarded by a discerning and liberal public.

Distressing Shipwrecks. Notes taken from the brig Blandford's log-book, on her voyage from Newfoundland to Oporto:—
Feb. 9, 1826. Blowing a gale from the west, and scudding under a close reefed main, topsail and foresail, we saw a wreck ahead, and from the appearance appeared to have been an American schooner, water-logged, and nothing standing but a part of a main-mast, of about 120 or 135 tons burthen, painted cabin windows, olive green bulwarks outside, painted with patent green inside, billet head, with white mouldings. On board the wreck were three men, having a Spanish jack suspended to a pole, and part of a naked human body lashed to the windlass, which appeared to be their only subsistence for some time. They appeared to be in a deplorable state. We have close to them, but in consequence of a very heavy sea, and finding we were driving fast to leeward, we took a reef in the foresail with the hopes of remaining by them to take them off the wreck, but the sea continuing to run very high, and the wind blowing very hard, at 3, P. M. we lost sight of the wreck. At 6, the wind veered to the N. W. and blowing very hard, all hopes of again falling in with her vanished, and our own vessel being leaky, and much disabled from the severity of the weather we had experienced on leaving the coast of Newfoundland, with two of the crew unable to do their duty and the others much frost bitten, we put before the wind for our own safety and anchored in Oporto February 21, 1826. Our latitude 42, 4, N. longitude, 24, 10, W.

Capt. Latour, at Philad. from Bordeaux, on the 14th, in lat. 45, 55, lon. 22, 30, fell in with the wreck of an English ship; boarded her, and found her laden with timber, water-logged, rudder, fore and mizen mast gone, and abandoned. "Ship Penelope" was marked on her hull, and

she appeared to have been built for carrying timber. Part of three human skeletons were found on board, which from appearance, the crew had subsisted on for some time; pieces of flesh were secured with rope yarn. Long hair and some articles of female dress were found. The whole presented a scene of distress not easily described.

Hamilton, (Ohio,) April 6.

AWFUL VISITATION. Never before has it become our painful duty to record so distressing a circumstance as that which occurred yesterday—a circumstance which has caused a general gloom to pervade our town, and has caused feelings that will not soon be erased from the minds of our citizens. Between ten and eleven o'clock, A. M. during a severe thunder storm, the chimney of Mr. James Boal, was struck by lightning, and the electric fluid descending, caused instantaneous death of no less than four individuals; thus in a moment bereaving Mr. Boal of an affectionate wife, & two lovely children, one about 5, and the other about 3 years of age; and a widowed mother (Mrs. Perripine) of a daughter in the bloom of life.

Four others were in the room at the time, three of Mr. Boal's children, and a daughter of Mrs. McCarron who providentially escaped with but slight injury.

The scene that presented itself a short time after the fatal event, defies description: Four lifeless bodies in different parts of the house—the consternation and sorrow depicted on every countenance—the bustle caused by indefatigable exertions of the physicians and other citizens, to effect a resuscitation—together with the bursts of grief from those bereft of their greatest earthly treasure, their relatives and friends, produced indescribable sensations; and we leave to the imagination of our readers to picture to themselves a scene at once so awful and distressing.

Lowell, (Mass.) April 15.

EXPLOSION. Mr. Whipple's powder-mill, situated in the south-easterly part of this town, blew up on Saturday last, at about half past four o'clock in the afternoon, and one man was severely injured. The roof of the building was carried up whole a considerable distance in the air, and was thus seen at first above the cloud of smoke.

AFFLICTING OCCURRENCE. On Monday evening 17th ult. two children of Mr. William Farr, of Ashby, (Mass.) the one 2, the other 3 years old, were sitting before a fire, over which hung a kettle of boiling soap. The kettle, by the straightening of the hook on which it hung, fell and emptied its contents where the children sat. They were both so deeply scalded, that, after lingering, the eldest forty-three, and the youngest forty-eight hours, they both expired.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH CAPT. PARRY.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Sawyer, Representative in Congress, to Capt. PARRY, of the British Navy.

Washington, December 17, 1825.

DEAR SIR:—Having read your voyages for the discovery of a Northwest passage to China, with equal interest, delight, and information, I had, but a few days previous to our present session, made memoranda of some of the remarkable incidents. I had likewise expressed my admiration of the skill, resolution, and fortitude, displayed by you in the performance of those perilous voyages, and a feeble compliment, which the President, in his message, has more happily conveyed, to your liberal, enlightened, and persevering Sovereign for having planned and ordered them, and for repeating them, with such unabated zeal, under successive disappointments. I am sorry to learn the unfortunate termination of your late voyage, in September last, but am consoled with the information that the attempt will be renewed, I trust with better success.

I herewith enclose you the proceedings of our body on the subject, containing a motion and some observations of mine, in favour of commencing similar researches on our part, in which, though supported by the opinion of the President, I was so unfortunate as to fail. I am apprehensive that you will reap all the laurels from the field of discovery, which, in my opinion, are more honourable than those gained from the field of battle.

Hoping your noble minded King still feels a favourable disposition towards this object, and that you are ready to second him with your usual confidence and ardour on the cause, I conclude with a prayer that you will, in due season, undertake a fourth voyage, in which you may accomplish the object of your wishes.

I am, with the greatest regard, your obedient servant,
LEMOUEL SAWYER.

Answer of Captain PARRY.

Admiralty, London, Jan. 20, 1826.

DEAR SIR:—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th of December, enclosing an account of the proceedings of the House of Representatives upon an amendment moved by yourself to a resolution on the subject of discovery on the Northwest Coast of America.

In offering you my warmest thanks for the very flattering manner in which you have been pleased to mention my humble services in the cause of science, as well as for your kindness in forwarding to me the account of your proceedings, I beg, also, to assure you of the high sense I entertain of the liberal and disinterested motives which have induced you to step forward in the same cause on this occasion.

Enterprises of this kind, so liberal in their nature and their object, cannot fail to do honour to the country which undertakes them, even when they do not prove absolutely successful; and I cannot but consider it a proud distinction for you to have been the first individual of your assembly to propose a measure so creditable as that of promoting science for its own sake. Though your first attempt in this way has failed, I trust, Sir, that you will prove more fortunate in any future endeavours in furtherance of the same end.

I believe it is not in contemplation, at present, to send out any further expeditions from this country, to the Northwest. It is, indeed, more than probable that we shall await the return of Capt. Franklin who is now about to proceed down Mackenzie's River, in order to determine the actual position of the Northern Coast of America. Should any future attempts be determined on, I need scarcely assure you that I am at all times willing and ready to undertake the enterprise, which will, I doubt not, be, on duty or other, accomplished.

I have the honour to remain, dear Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant,
W. PARRY.

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THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1826.

The May Term of the Supreme Court for Oxford County, will be holden at the Court-house on Tuesday the 16th instant.

CONGRESS. Since our last we have had no very important news from this body—except that the House of Representatives have settled the Panama Question by voting, that it is expedient to send Ministers to be present at the Congress of Panama. One member has made a motion to set one hour later every day, and devote that time to hearing speeches which might be prepared and ready to be delivered.—But we are sorry to say his motion was lost.

We are under obligations to Messrs. Lincoln and Sprague, members of Congress, for their politeness and attention in furnishing us with several public documents.

BROKEN BANKS. The report that the Merrimack Bank at Haverhill, had stopped payment, was incorrect.

The Passamaquoddy Bank is entirely down.—Their bills are selling at twelve and a half to twenty cents on the dollar. They have promised to make an expose of their concerns soon. The Editor of the Hallowell Gazette says, "the soberer this exposition is made the better—it is due to the unfortunate holders of the bills and to the public." We should like very well to know if the Hallowell & Augusta Bank ever made an exposition of their concerns to the public, until they had purchased in nearly all their Notes at a discount of from fifty to seventy-five per cent.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS. We have often been laughed at, when we have said that there were a certain set of men in this County who would abridge, if not destroy the liberty of the Press; and we learn that the men who possess these feelings, are not confined to this County nor this State.—The Editor of the American Statesman, an open, free and independent paper, published in Boston, has received the following polite note from one of his Subscribers—We wonder he did not call in person and order his paper stopped forthwith:

"Mr. Greene,
"If you have so much, eternal blaggard in you Paper, against Henry Clay—I will certainly stop, my Paper. It is damned nonsense to rail at the first man in the Nation as you do.
A Subscriber."

In order that our readers may understand the nature and aggravation of the offence, we give the article entire:

"Extract of a letter to the editor of the Statesman, dated Washington, April 10, 1826.
"The duel between Mr. Clay and Mr. Randolph, has produced considerable sensation at Washington. Considering the relations in which the parties stood, every reflecting man must condemn Mr. Clay—admit, what few will deny, that Mr. R.'s strictures were unjustifiable, nay, inexcusable, still it alters very little the aspect of the affair. The Constitution has provided that 'for any speech or debate in either House,' the members 'shall not be questioned in any other place.' Every member who is not called to order, is within the protection of this provision—no person, but a Senator, had a right to say that Mr. Randolph's conduct was improper—at least of all, a member of the President's cabinet. Admit the principle that every member of Congress, is to be called to account by the ministry, and the representatives of the people are to be bullied into submission, or must come out and fight.

"The practice of duelling has, moreover, been condemned by public opinion, particularly in New-England.—Mr. Crawford's prospects were blasted there, because he had even defended himself in a duel. Had it not been for this act, most of the republicans in that section would have preferred him—now it seems, that at the commencement of Mr. Adams' administration, his prime minister has called out a Senator and fought him in a duel. Had Mr. Crawford been President, and such an act done, it would have been his duty, ay, he would have been compelled, instantly to dismiss the culprit. How Mr. Adams will, how he can act, is doubtful—to discharge Mr. Clay, is to weaken his administration to a degree far beyond the limits of prudence—to retain him, will be to countenance, if not to sanction a practice which New-England abhors. If Mr. Everett justifies slavery by the laws of God—and Mr. Adams countenances duelling in opposition to the laws of God, and this is approved by the pious New-Englanders, we can only say, times have changed."

For this article the independent editor of the Statesman is threatened—with what? not the loss of Fifty subscribers, but with one who paid the enormous sum of eight dollars per year.—We are glad to see such men publicly exposed. And we are determined not to submit to the rule nor authority of any man or set of men, who endeavor to restrict the liberty of the Press. We feel so confident that we are correct, that we shall close this article with the emphatic language of the Editor of the Statesman, which we here adopt as our own sentiments:—

"But we have to say to you, that you may rest assured no threats of yours will ever change the course we shall pursue, to the extent of a single hair. The patronage of a man professing the feelings you do is not sought after. What! do you presume we are to be bullied into obedience by an envious and nonsensical threat from you, to withdraw your subscription? A pretty state of things, forsooth! For the subscribers of the [Observer] we profess the sincerest respect and gratitude, and to all of them we take the present opportunity of presenting our humble and hearty thanks, assuring them that we never shall surrender the rights we possess to the threats of any person, however dignified, however powerful, or however aristocratic."

Good. The celebrated Aaron Burr has left the city of New-York, his place of residence, for Washington, in order to challenge Mr. Randolph for calling him a scoundrel. This is cu-

rious, indeed—and we can but wish, as did a Yankee during our Revolutionary war, when two parties of British troops, owing to a thick fog, came in contact, and commenced firing before they discovered their mistake. The Yankee, who perceived their difficulty, raised his hands toward heaven, and prayed with fervency, that the Lord would grant success to both parties.

LITERARY. Mr. Ephraim B. Smith proposes to publish a work at Augusta, (Me.) to be printed every month, thirty-two pages, octavo size, entitled the Maine Selector & Reviewer—price, two dollars per year.—There is not much music in the name.

Mr. A. W. Thayer has retired from the publishing department of the American Patriot and issued proposals to publish a new periodical work, to be called "The United States Statistical Register," to be printed semi-monthly, at five dollars per year, in advance. This is a very good name; and a work embracing the subjects, named in the prospectus, would be valuable.

Greenville Mellen, Esq. will deliver a Poem before the Peace Society of this State, at Portland, on the 10th instant.

VERY SINGULAR. The following extract of a letter received at Salem, (Mass.) appears to us almost incredible. If true it evinces a disposition in Mr. Randolph, which we believe, he has never before been accused of possessing.

"WASHINGTON, April 9.
"At the late sale of the effects of the Russian Minister, Randolph, finding that Mr. Adams' steward was buying some table-cloths and other articles, bid them up extravagantly, and the next day refused to take them, and allowed them to be advertised and re-sold at the expense of "the Hon. John Randolph."

A GREAT STORY. It is stated in the Kennebec Gazette that, Maj. Daniel W. Lord, of Kennebec-Port, discovered on the sunny side of a hill, in that town, a Grand Convention of Snakes, of all sizes and colours, which are usually found in this State, except the rattle snake and milk adder. Being taken by surprise, Maj. Lord with the assistance of his hired man, succeeded in killing THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE of them!!! The Snakes had probably entered into the spirit of Peace Societies, or the doctrine of amalgamation of parties.

THE WAY THEY DO IN NORTH-CAROLINA.—The following account is taken from the Raleigh (N. C.) Star, and gives us a pretty true picture of the manners and customs of the Southern States.

At the Superior Court of Wake county, held in this city last week, James P. Bell, an overseer, was tried for killing a slave by whipping, and acquitted, on the ground, that the deceased having lived some time after the whipping, there was doubt as to its being the cause of his death.—Henry Oliver, charged with burglary and grand larceny, was acquitted of the former, and convicted of the latter charge, and sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes.—William Pleasant was convicted of horse-stealing, and sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes. Both of which sentences have been carried into execution.

A NEW IDEA. The Hon. Mr. Trimble has found out that Heaven has a hangman to execute justice on transgressors. This is entirely a new idea. The ancients, who were generally fruitful in inventions of this kind, always placed such unwelcome characters in the lower regions. Should this doctrine become fashionable, people will be more unwilling than ever to go to Heaven.

CURIOUS. A lot of land was set up at public sale in Clinton, (N. Y.) for taxes—the amount of which was \$21. The first bid was fifty acres—and was fairly bid down and struck off at two square inches. This is a valuable lot of land, indeed!

A HARD CASE. A man in Princeville, (Oh.) has been fined six hundred dollars for a slander uttered by his wife. If we had laws of this kind put in force in this State, it would be good for some men to be alone.

CREEK TREATY CONFIRMED. The National Journal says that the Creek Treaty was confirmed by the Senate on Friday last, by a vote of 30 to 8. The treaty is said to preserve the one made in February 1825, in full force. The Indians give up all the lands they occupy in Georgia; but they are to receive more money for them, than specified in the first Treaty.

A QUARTERLY MEETING of the Methodist denomination of Christians will be holden at Otisfield, (2 miles from Craig's Mills, in Hebron,) on the 13th and 14th of May instant.—The Rev. DAVID KILBURN will preside.

Married.

In Cornwall, (Conn.) Elias Boudinot, a Cherokee Indian, to Miss Harriet R. Gold, daughter of Dea. Benjamin R. Gold.

In New-Hampton, (N. H.) Master Wheeler Spiller, aged 15, to Miss Sally Goss, aged 50!

Died.

In Boston, March 27, George, aged 1 year and 7 months; son of Mr. George Ryerson, formerly of this town.

In Hartford, (Me.) on the 5th ult. Mrs. Mary, consort of Capt. Jabez Churchill, aged 25.

In Gray, Mrs. Hannah, aged 85.

In Hallowell, Miss Elizabeth Dummer, aged 34.—Mrs. Sarah, relict of John O. Page, Esq.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale at the Oxford Book-store, Anderson's celebrated Drops, for the cure of Coughs and Consumptions; Brown's Drops for Fits—a most valuable medicine; Doct. Relf's Botanical Drops; Doct. La Grange's Ointment for the cure of the Salt Rheum; Lee's Pills;—Dean's Rheumatic Pills; Itch Ointment, warranted genuine; Spice Bitters—British Oil—Thompson's celebrated Eye Water;—Opodeldoc, &c. &c. May 4.

PARIS HOTEL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his Friends and the Public, that he has opened a HOTEL on Paris Hill, in the House recently occupied by Mr. SIMON NORRIS, and solicits a share of public patronage. He flatters himself that by his unremitting exertions and attention to make the stay of gentlemen pleasant and agreeable. His Bar will be furnished at all times with the best of LIQUORS—and his Table spread with every thing which can reasonably be expected in the country. AMOS FULLER.

Paris, May 3, 1826.
N. B.—His Stable has good accommodations for HORSES, where they will receive the best care and attention. 96

FOR SALE.

A FARM, situated in the lower part of Bethel, containing 100 Acres of Land—of which about 35 is under improvement, with a Small House and SHED adjoining—a good BARN and two WELLS of water, one at the House and the other at the Barn; and about 50 young APPLE TREES beginning to bear.—The above property will be sold cheap.—For further particulars inquire of the subscriber on the premises. April 27. URBAN SHOREY.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Esq. Judge of Probate, &c. for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the Claims of the Creditors to the estate of STACY D. KNOX, late of Livermore, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent—do hereby give notice, that six months from the 28th day of March, A. D. 1826, are allowed to said Creditors to bring in and prove their claims—and that they will attend that service at the Dwelling-house of JESSE STONE in said Livermore, on the first Mondays of June, August and September, from one to six o'clock P. M. on each of said days. JESSE STONE, Comm'r. WM. WYMAN, Comm'r. 96

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Hebron.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Non-resident Owners of the following Lots of LAND, situated in Hebron, in the County of Oxford, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, to collect, for the years 1824 and 1825—and also for School-House Tax in District No. 17, for 1825, as follows, to wit:—

Proprietors.	No. of Lots.	Range.	Area.	Value.	Tax, 1824.	Tax, 1825.
Jacob Pike,	1	50	150	1 23		
Charles Pike,	2	17	51	42		
Sam. Meguire & Co.		109	225	1 35		
Jona. & Wm. Wardwell,		250	500	4 11		
Joseph Johnson & Co.		50	100	82		
				1825.		
Ephraim Briggs,	5	1	14	42	30	
Jacob Parsons,	2	2	21	63	45	
Charles Pike,	2	17	51	37		
John Pike,	4	106	318	2 29		
Joseph Bartlett,		50	112	81		
Jona. & Peter Wardwell,		51	127	91		
Joseph Johnson & Co.		50	100	72		
Isaac Washburn,		9	100	1 15		

School-House Tax 1825, District No. Seventeen. 32 60
Joel Robinson, 1 50
S. Ames, 5 94
John Pike, 1 58
Ichabod Bartlett, 95
Ephraim Briggs, 95
Unless said Taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before Monday the twenty-first day of August next, at ten of the clock A. M. so much of said land will then be sold at Public Vendue, as will discharge the same, at the House of CYRUS SNAW, Esq. Innholder in Hebron. JOB MORTON, Collector. 96

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....No. Four, now Carthage.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Proprietors of the Lands hereinafter mentioned, in the town of Carthage, (formerly called Number Four,) County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, for collection, for the State, County, Plantation, and School-house Taxes, for 1824 and 1825, in the respective sums following, viz:—

Proprietors.	No. of Lots.	Range.	Area.	Value.	S. & C. & Plant. Tax, 1825.	Pl. Tax, 1825.	S. C. & Plant. Tax, 1824.	S. C. & Plant. Tax, 1825.
A. Austin,	2	9	160	80	40	57		
Unknown,	2	12	160	80	40	57		66
A. Austin,	3	9	160	80	40	57		
Maxwell,	3	17	50	75	37	54		
A. Knights,	7	14	218	109	54	78	3 00	90
Stanwood,	8	11	160	120	60	85		
Harlow,	4	11	160	160	80	114	4 46	1 32

Unless said Taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before Monday the twenty-eighth day of August next, so much of said Land as will satisfy the same, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the Dwelling-house of JONAS BOWLERS, in said Carthage, at ten of the clock in the forenoon of said day. ABEL HATHAWAY, Collector. 96

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Weld.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Proprietors of the Lands hereinafter mentioned in the town of Weld, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, for collection, for the State, County, and Town Taxes, for 1825, in the respective sums following, to wit:—

Proprietors.	No. of Lots.	Range.	Area.	Value.	State, County, and Town Tax, 1825.
Eastman,	9	6	160	150	5 77
Nath'n Hager,	2	13	80	51	63
Leonard, E. part,	2	14	70	55	63
Murch,	2	15	67	30	45

Unless said Taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before Tuesday the twenty-ninth day of August next, so much of said land as will satisfy the same will then be sold at Public Auction, at my Dwelling-house in said Weld, at eleven of the clock in the forenoon of said day. EPHRAIM HAUGHTON, Collector. 96

PROBATE NOTICES.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed an Administrator on the estate of ABNER LAWSON,

late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, Esquire, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to LYMAN RAWSON.

Paris, March 23, 1826. 96

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of SIMON POND,

late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to DANIEL POND.

Paris, May 2, 1826. 96

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of VERRES GREENWOOD,

late of Hebron, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to FEARING WILLIS.

Hebron, May 2, 1826. 96

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of JENI BEARCE, Junr.

late of Hebron, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to CALVIN BUCKNAM.

Hebron, May 2, 1826. 96

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of ADAM COTTON,

late of Hebron, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to JOSEPH BRADBURY.

Norway, May 2, 1826. 96

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of JOHN WARREN,

late of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, Gentleman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to SAMUEL HEARSEY.

Sumner, May 2, 1826. 96

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of HEZEKIAH BRYANT,

late of Turner, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to HEZEKIAH BRYANT.

Turner, May 2, 1826. 96

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six.

THOMAS CLARK, Administrator on the estate of SETH BENSON, late of Paris, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED.—That the said administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six.

THOMAS CLARK, Administrator, de bonis non, on the estate of LUTHER PRATT, late of Paris, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED.—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the second day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six.

LUTHER CAREY, of Turner, in said County, Esq. named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of BENJAMIN EVANS, late of Turner, in said County, Gentleman, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

ORDERED.—That the said Luther Carey give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 96

EAGLE MONEY.

WANTED a few dollars of EAGLE (New-Haven) BILLS.—Those persons who have it on hand will do well to make immediate application to Paris, April 20. ASA BARTON.

POETRY.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST BORN.

BY ALARIO A. WATTS.

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest!

My sweet one, my sweet one,
The tears were in my eyes
When first I clasped thee to my heart,
And heard thy feeble cries:
For I thought of all that I had borne
As I bent me down to kiss
Thy cherry lips and sunny brow,
My first born bud of bliss!

I turned to many a withered hope,
To years of grief and pain,
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world
Flashed o'er my boding brain:
I thought of friends, grown worse than cold,
Of persecuting foes,
And I asked of Heaven, if ills like these
Must mar thy youth's repose!

I gazed upon thy quiet face—
Half blinded by my tears—
Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before,
Came brightening on my fears,
Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone
Mid the clouds of gloom that bound them,
As stars dart down their loveliest light
When midnight skies are round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one,
Thy life's brief hour is o'er,
And a father's anxious fears for thee
Can never be no more;
And for the hopes—the sun-bright hopes—
That blossomed at thy birth,
They too have fled, to prove how frail
Are cherished things of earth!

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child,
But though brief thy span below,
To me it was a little age
Of agony and woe;
For from thy first faint dawn of life
Thy cheek began to fade,
And my heart had scarce thy welcome breathed
Ere my hopes were wrapt in shade.

Oh the child, in the hours of health and bloom,
That is dear as thou wert then,
Grows far more prized—more fondly loved—
In sickness and in pain;
And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe,
When every hope was lost,
Ten times more precious to my soul—
For all that thou hadst cost!

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms,
We watched thee, day by day,
Pale like the second bow of Heaven,
As gently waste away;
And, sick with dark foreboding fears
We dared not breathe aloud,
Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief
To wait death's coming cloud.

It came at length;—o'er thy bright blue eyes
The film was gathering fast,
And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow,
The deepest and the last;
In thicker gushes strove thy breath,
We raised thy drooping head,
A moment more—the final pang—
And thou wert of the dead!

Thy gentle mother turned away
To hide her face from me,
And murmured low of heaven's behests,
And bliss attained by thee;
She would have chid me that I mourned
A doom so blest as thine,
Had not her own deep grief burst forth
In tears as wild as mine!

We laid thee down in thy sinless rest,
And from thine infant brow
Culled one soft lock of radiant hair—
Our only solace now,
Then placed around thy beauteous corpse,
Flowers—more not fair and sweet—
Two rose-buds in thy little hands,
And jasmine at thy feet.

Though other offspring still be ours,
As fair perchance as thou,
With all the beauty of thy cheek—
The sunshine of thy brow,
They never can replace the bud
Our early fondness nursed,
They may be lovely and beloved,
But not—like thee—the first!

THE FIRST! How many a memory bright
That one sweet word can bring,
Of hopes that blossomed, drooped and died,
In life's delightful spring;
Of fervid feelings passed away—
Those early seeds of bliss,
That germinate in hearts unsealed
By such a world as this!

My sweet one, my sweet one,
My fairest and my first!
When I think of what thou might'st have been,
My heart is like to burst;
But gleams of gladness through my gloom
Their soothing radiance dart,
And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried,
When I turn to what thou art!

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls
And takes the stain of earth,
With not a taint of mortal life
Except thy mortal birth,
Gone bade thee early taste the spring
For which so many thirst,
And bliss—eternal bliss—is thine,
My fairest and my first!

FAREWELL LINES.

BY A LATE VISITOR TO NORMANDY.

Farewell to the land of bows and grimaces,
Farewell to the land of high caps and large faces;
Farewell to the land of confessions and sinners,
Farewell to the land of fat priests and good diners;
Farewell to the land of cathedrals and churches,
Farewell to the land of passports and searches;
Farewell to gendarmes, prefects, and mayors,
Farewell to sextons, to beadles, and players;
Farewell to hotels, farewell to their bills,
Farewell to their breakfasts, the least of their ills;
Farewell to the cider, both sour and thick,
Farewell to the wine which made me so sick;
Farewell to the garçons, filles de chambre, farewell,
Farewell to each shop where fair dealing does dwell;
Farewell to the fools whom I met on their travels,
Farewell to the landlord their wants who unravels,
Farewell to the voitures dirty and crazy,
Farewell to the diligence heavy and lazy;
Farewell to the girls who are pretty and easy,
Farewell to the men who are filthy and greasy;
Farewell to the streets which seldom are clean,
Farewell to the priests at mass often seen;
Farewell to thee, France, thou shalt not me detain,
From country, from home, and plum-pudding again.

THE OLIO.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. P. — was apprehended, and arraigned before Justice S. —, charged with an assault and battery in, and upon the body of his wife Peggy. Defendant plead, not guilty. The witnesses were sworn.

1st Witness, the complainant—Day fore yesterday, my husband went to the store, and got drunk—came home, went to bed, and in the night choked me most to death.

2d Witness—I live a quarter of a mile off: night afore last about midnight, I heard Peggy cry "Murder;" I jumped up, seized my breeches, could not get them on right—partly wrong side out, but gave them a hitch—and the cry of Murder was thicker and faster; it was dark as Tophet—I tumbled over the wood pile, beat off a great piece of skin from my shin—but I run. Came there, Mr. P. — and Peggy his wife were to bed together; and he had choked her till she was black as my hat.

Justice—Mr. P. —, what do you say to this testimony?

Defendant—Say? I say they lie like the devil.

Justice—You must not tell witnesses they lie.

Defendant—Not if they do lie? That bristled Cur, who says, he broke into my Peggy's room, about midnight, with his breeches down, and says, that it was dark as Tophet, could not see a wood pile, but could see in a dark room, my Peggy's face was black as a hat—If I can't tell him he lies, I ought not to answer him at all.

Justice—But there is evidence, you choked your Peggy—and you must answer, before an earthly tribunal, for some of the deeds done in the body.

Defendant—No deed done in the body—there is no hurt for a man to lie in bed with his wife.

Justice interrupted—It is best not to choke her.

FRENCH ALMANACK.

January. He who is born in this month will be laborious, and a lover of good wine, but very subject to infidelity; he may too often forget to pay his debts, but he will be complaisant, and withal a fine singer. The lady born in this month will be a pretty prudent housewife; rather melancholy, but very good tempered.

February. The man born in this month will love money much, but the ladies more; he will be stingy at home, but prodigal abroad. The lady will be a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

March. The man born in this month will be rather handsome; he will be honest and prudent, but he will die poor. The lady will be a jealous, passionate chatter-box, something given to fighting, and in old age too fond of the bottle.

April. The man who has the misfortune to be born in this month will be subject to maladies. He will travel to his advantage, for he will marry a rich and handsome heiress, who will make — what, no doubt you all understand. The lady of this month will be tall and stout with a little mouth, little feet, little wit, but a great talker and withal a great liar.

May. The man born in this month will be handsome and amiable. He will make his wife happy. The lady will be equally blest in every respect.

June. The man born now will be of a small stature, passionately fond of women and children, but will not be loved in return. The lady will be a giddy personage, fond of coffee; she will marry at the age of 21, and be a fool at forty-five.

July. The man will be fair; he will suffer death for the wicked woman he loves. The female of this month will be passably handsome, with a sharp nose but a fine bust. She will be of rather a sulky temper.

August. The man will be ambitious and courageous, but too apt to cheat. He will have several maladies and two wives. The lady will be amiable and twice married; but the second husband will cause her to regret the first.

September. He that is born in this month will be strong, wise and prudent; but too easy with his wife, and who will give him great uneasiness. The lady round faced and fair haired, witty, discreet, affable, and loved by her friends.

October. The man will have a handsome face and florid complexion; he will be wicked in his youth and always inconstant. He will promise one thing and do another, and remain poor. The lady will be pretty, a little given to contradiction, a little coquette, and sometimes a little too fond of wine, she will give the preference to eau de vie. She will have three husbands who will die of grief; she will best know why.

November. The man born now will have a fine face, and be a gay deceiver. The lady of this month will be large, liberal, and full of novelty.

December. The man born in this month will be a good sort of a person, though passionate. He will devote himself to the army, and be betrayed by his wife. The lady will be amiable and handsome, with a good voice and a well proportioned body; she will be married twice, remain poor, but continue honest.

ADMONITION. A Scotch Parson once preached a long Sermon against dram-drinking, a vice very prevalent in his parish, and from which, report said, he was not himself wholly exempt. "Whatever ye do, brethren, (said he,) do it with moderation, and above all, be moderate in dram-drinking. When you get up, indeed, ye may take a dram, and another just before breakfast and perhaps another after; but dinna be always dram-drinking. If ye are out in the morn, ye may just brace yerself up with another dram, and perhaps take another before luncheon, and some, I fear, take one after, which is no so very blameable; but dinna be always dram-drinking away. Naeboddy can scruple for one just before dinner, and when the dessert is brought in, and after it's taken away; and perhaps one, or it may be twa, in the course of the afternoon, just to keep ye fra' drowsyng and snoozing; but dinna be always dram, dram-drinking. Afore tea and after tea, and between tea and supper, and before and after supper, is no more than right and good; but let me caution ye, brethren, not to be always dram-drinking. Just when ye start for bed, and when ye're ready to pop into it and perhaps when ye wake in the night, to take a dram or twa is no more than a christian may lawfully do; but, brethren, let me caution ye not to drink more than I've mentioned, or may be ye may pass the bounds of moderation!"

In a certain town not more than 50 miles from Boston, as the clergyman was holding forth, in his usual drowsy manner, one of his aged hearers, probably influenced by the narcotic qualities of the discourse, fell into a doze. The preacher happening to use the words, "What is the price of all earthly pleasures?" the good old man, who kept a small store, thinking the inquiry respecting some kind of merchandise, immediately answered, Seven-and-six-pence a dozen, Sir, in cash, or eight shillings in barter.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that Taxes for the years eighteen hundred and twenty-four and eighteen hundred and twenty-five, have been ordered and assessed by the Court of Sessions for the County of Oxford, on the following described Townships and Tracts of Land situated in said County of Oxford:

Townships.	Date of Tax.	Amount of Tax.	Total amount.
Letter E,	A.D. 1824	81	10 31
Same,	" 1825	50	5 19
Number one, Range one,	" 1824	5 19	11 12
Same,	" 1825	5 03	6 11
Number one, Letter A,	" 1824	6 11	13 10
Same,	" 1825	6 09	14 25
Number two, Letter A,	" 1824	6 65	5 60
Same,	" 1825	7 60	4 90
Number four, Range three,	" 1824	5 60	10 50
Number two, Range three,	" 1825	5 60	5 37
Same,	" 1824	5 37	11 51
Number four, Range four,	" 1825	6 14	6 14
Same,	" 1824	6 14	8 86
Number two, Range two,	" 1825	6 82	6 82
Letter C, adjoining Letter B,	" 1824	5 14	11 02
Letter B,	" 1825	5 88	3 20
Number seven,	" 1824	3 20	
Same,	" 1825	3 20	
Andover Surplus, North,	" 1824	3 20	

The Proprietors and Owners of said Lands are hereby notified that, unless said several Taxes and intervening charges are paid into the Treasury of said County of Oxford, within Six Months from the date hereof, warrants will be issued to the Sheriff of said County, requiring him to make sale of said Lands, according to the directions of the law in such cases made and provided.

HENRY RUST, Treasurer of said County of Oxford.

Norway, April 14, 1826.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Gilead.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Proprietors of the Lands hereinafter mentioned, in the town of Gilead, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me for collection, for the State, County, Town and School Taxes, for the year 1825, in the respective sums following, viz:

Proprietors.	No. of Range.	Land on the North side of the Androscoggin river.	No. of Range.	Land on the South side of the Androscoggin river.	Value.	Tax.
Unknown,	2	North end of	100	15 00	14	
Do.	10	do.	do.	5 00	4	
Do.	11	do.	280	17 00	16	
Unknown,	1	S. E. part of Range	200	20 00	19	
Do.	4	South end of	200	25 00	24	
Do.	6	do.	150	25 00	24	
Do.	7	do.	200	25 00	24	
Do.	9	do.	200	20 00	19	
Do.	18	do.	100	15 00	14	

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before MONDAY the Twenty-fourth day of JULY next, so much of said Land as will satisfy the same, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the Dwelling-house of the subscriber, in Gilead aforesaid, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day.

ASA KIMBALL, Collector of Gilead, 1825.

Gilead, March 28, 1826.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Peru.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Non-resident Proprietors and Owners of the following Lots of LAND, in the town of Peru, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in a Bill committed to me to collect, for the year 1825, which are as follows:

Owner's Name.	Range of Lots.	No. of Lots.	Value.	Tax.
Sylvanus Poland, two Acres,	13	6	100	25
Thompson grant,	"	7	8	100
R,	"	9	8	100
W. Thomas,	"	10	8	100
H. Farewell,	"	5	9	100
H. Farewell,	"	8	9	100
W. Thomas,	"	10	12	100
H. Farewell,	"	4	14	100
Henry Molton,	"	16	7	100
F. Walton, Peck's grant,	24	135	1 53	
Stockwell,	23	100	150	1 69
H. Farewell, Lunt's grant,	2	3	100	200

Unless said Taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before SATURDAY the Twentieth day of MAY next, so much of said Land will be sold at Public Vendue, as will discharge the same, at the Dwelling-house of STEPHEN GAMMON, in said Peru, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

ROBINSON TURNER, Jr. Collector of Peru for 1825.

Peru, April 5, 1826.

JUST PUBLISHED,

AND FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore,

A TREATISE on the Union, Affinity, and Consanguinity between Christ and his Church.

"And he is the head of the body, the Church, who is the beginning, the first born from the dead." ***** And (having made peace through the blood of his cross) by him to reconcile all things to himself. ***** For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life."

It is hoped that all who are friendly to the doctrine of the final salvation of the whole human family, will purchase for themselves a copy of this valuable work.

Price—only 37 1-2 cents. Paris, April 5.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

AS an Apprentice to the Carding and Clothing Business, a bright and active LAD. from 16 to 18 years of age, to whom good encouragement will be given by WILLIAM WALCOTT.

Rumford, April 20.

NEW-ENGLAND

Fire Insurance Company,

INCORPORATED for the express purpose of insuring against losses or damage occasioned by fire only, with a Capital of two hundred thousand dollars; besides the private property of the Stockholders.

JOSEPH LOW, President.
JOHN WEST, Secretary.

The subscriber being duly authorized as Agent of the above Company, now offers to his fellow-citizens within the State the most permanent security against loss or damage by fire, and at a rate of premium so low that it is in the power of all to guard against that kind of loss which the utmost care and attention cannot always prevent; and which frequently in a few hours reduces the affluent to poverty and distress.

It should not be thought strange now, that persons who run their own risks as it respects fire, rather than spare two or three dollars to have their property insured, should they suffer loss by this destructive element, should be left to make up their own losses. It may be safely stated, that almost every individual in this County, bestows upon others who have suffered by fire, enough to insure his own property, so that should every man insure his own, they would not pay more than they do at present. We should not then have our ears assailed by "tales of woe," nor our pursestrings broken to relieve the distresses of our fellow citizens.

All losses sustained by this Company are paid within thirty days after they are proved, without any deduction whatever up to the amount insured. And in case of any disagreement between the parties, the subject is to be referred to three disinterested men, one of whom to be chosen by each, out of three to be named by the other party, and the third by the two so chosen.

All applications for insurance made to the subscriber will receive the most prompt attention.

Paris, April 20. ASA BARTON.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Waterford.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Owners and Proprietors of the following lots and parts of lots of LAND in the town of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that said lots and parts of lots are taxed to non-resident Proprietors of lands in said Waterford, in the bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector of Taxes for said town of Waterford, for the year 1825—State, County and Town Tax, and deficiencies of Highway Tax for the year 1824, to collect, in the respective sums following, viz:

Proprietors.	Lot No.	Range.	Value.	S. C. & T. Tax.	D. & H. Tax.	Total.
Unknown,	11	12	160	64	1 34	2 73
Do.	11	11	160	64	1 34	2 73
Do.	6	11	160	25	0 53	0 85
Do.	12	1	160	23	0 48	0 51
Do. N. part,	12	5	60	37	0 77	0 88
Do.	4	8	160	1 27	2 66	2 76
Do.	12	9	160	98	2 05	2 05
Do. N. part,	8	11	80	67	1 40	1 45
Do.	12	11	160	67	1 40	1 45

Now, unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before MONDAY the Thirty-first day of JULY next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said lands will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Store of D. & L. BROWN, in said Waterford, as will be necessary to discharge the same.

OLIVER HALE, Jr. Collector of Waterford.

Waterford, March 31, 1826.

A STRAY TRUNK!!

THE subscriber received a Trunk by the Stage, a short time since, containing several articles of Wearing Apparel, and an old Pocket-Book, in which were several Notes, which were filed, as signed by Robt French, or Robt French, Jr.—some of them dated at Stratford, (N. H.)—The Trunk is made of wood, and painted a blue marble colour.—The owner may have the same by calling upon the subscriber, proving property and paying charges.

The same Stage which brought this Trunk, also brought me a small package from Concord, (N. H.)—It is possible the Trunk was taken from that place.

Paris, April 17. ASA BARTON.

Post-Office, Paris, April 15, 1826.

THE public are informed that the Eastern Mail through Buckfield, South Hartford, North Turner, Leeds, Wayne, Winthrop, and Hallowell Roads to Augusta, will be closed at this Post-Office every Thursday Evening, at sunset, until further notice. The Mail leaves on Friday Mornings and returns on Saturday Evenings.

RUSSELL HUBBARD, Post-Master.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having contracted with the Town of Mexico, for the support of JARON MOOR the present year, a Pauper of said town, hereby forbids all persons harbouring or trusting him on his account.

WALTER P. CARPENTER.

Mexico, April 15, 1826.

STRAY MARE.

TAKEN UP by the subscriber, a STRAY MARE, of bright red colour, dark mane and tail, with a white star in the forehead.—The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

Paris, April 24. JOSEPH BESSE.

MAINE TOWN OFFICER—2d edition.

FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore. Every person who is concerned in town business ought to have a copy of this work.

March 30.

BLANKS,

CONSTANTLY on hand, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore:

Warrant, Quitclaim and Mortgage Deeds; Collectors', Sheriffs' and Administrators' Deeds; Sheriffs' and Constables' Bail Bonds; Town Orders; Town Clerks' Certificates of Publication; Blanks for Surveyors of Highways; Collectors' Receipts; Blank Notes, &c. &c.

Also—a good assortment of Attorneys' and Justices' Blanks—on reasonable terms.

May 4.

THE OBSERVER

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For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

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ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted, and on the usual terms.

*All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be post paid.